A LETTER TO STEVENSON

December 29, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER

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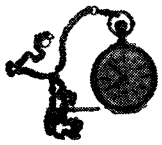
The magic whispers...



When Grandpa tucked you between his knees, you knew you were going to listen again to his wonderful watch—to hear its magic tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .

And as you listened, those measured whispers of time shut away the world, leaving you close to Grandpa, secure in his love.

From fathers and mothers to sons and daughters passes the lifeblood of happiness—security. The privilege of providing it for those we love can be found only in a land like ours.

And another wonderful thing is this: By realizing this privilege of freedom for ourselves, we achieve the security of our country. For, think—the strength of America is simply the strength of one secure home touching that of another.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series E U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today?

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Christmas in Toyland

At the Christmas show in Radio City Music Hall, New York, thousands of people troop through the aisle every time a new half acre of seats opens up, and hundreds march across the stage Harking to the Herald Angels and O-Coming to All Ye Faithful. Later they're Walking in a Winter Wonderland. All the Christmas symbols are quickly, efficiently, and impartially put on view, and then everybody goes about his business. One minute there in the sick blue lights is the Nativity, and the next minute there's Rudolph the Reindeer blinking his red nose. First the voice on the loudspeaker reads the gospel according to St. Luke, and assorted shepherds, Wise Men, sopranos, and Roman soldiers go bellowing by, following yonder star, with real live horses and real live donkeys and real live blond ladies, and then right away there is Santa Claus, and beauteous Lady Jane Elf, whoever she may be, singing about a cuddly white Teddy bear. One man's symbol is as good as the next man's at Radio City.

A MOVEMENT among councils of churches wants to straighten things out and "put Christ back into Christmas." In six years it has helped to raise the proportion of "religious" Christmas cards from five per cent to twenty-five per cent, and gotten department stores, hotels, and railroad stations to plan "dramatic exhibits of Nativity scenes," and even persuaded merchants in one city to broadcast religious music in shopping areas.

One of the new religious cards, printed on parchment, has an "intricately decorated border" depicting "angels, bluebirds and lambs, and inside a small plastic vial centerpiece lies a mustard seed." Another entire series has been "encrusted with sand imported from the Holy Land."

Sand and mustard seeds, but not mystery and transcendence. A note dropped innocently at the bottom of a press release sums it up: "Most of all, shoppers are asking that Christmas cards have an air of rejoicing. The so-called 'artistic' designs and those based on current events account for less than two per cent of the nation's greetings—while traditional and religious motifs completely dominate the estimated 1,750,000,000 Christmas cards that will be mailed this season." Happy religion or happy snowtime, it's all the same.

FOR SOME REASON or other, we think of a Christmas editorial in the New York *Times* two years ago, in which the writer took advantage of the privileges of the season, and perhaps also of the fact that nobody reads Christmas editorials, to let himself become typically and absolutely balmy: "The stores are too crowded for business," he wrote, "but salespeople and customers are smiling and good-natured"; "traffic is too dense to move, but no one minds." (He exaggerated. There was one grumpy fellow over on Third Avenue who minded.) New York at Christmas glitters a bit, the editorial writer admitted, but "underneath the tinsel is genuine gold, inside the gay Christmas wrapping is the friendliest city in the world"; not only that but New York is even "the city of God." "No city prays harder or does more," he concluded, with one last unqualified flourish of Yuletide civic spirit, "to make the Christmas message come true." Well, maybe things were like that then.

Daily commentators and political writers are given a special poetic license at this season to try to find a way, stuttering a bit and half embarrassed, around an occasion that demands longer thoughts and asks more ultimate questions than they customarily deal with. It happens again at Easter, when, with a clearing of the throats, something is mumbled about the rebirth of spring and all that. But at this season there's a protective blanket called "the Christmas spirit" to cover the odd mixture of religion, commerce, and eggnog parties. It's a sort of a combination of winter huddling together, Christian charity, and human friendliness that strikes a nice, warm, uncommitted average among them.

Now We Are 76

Under the tree of universality the U.N.'s Christmas present lay: a package of sixteen nations, new members of the world family finally admitted after ten years' negotiations and obstruction. By the close of the Assembly December 16, eleven new delegations were already seated and voting: Jordan, Ireland, Portugal, Hungary, Italy, Austria, Romania, Finland, Ceylon, Libya, and Spain; and five more were presumably on their way here: Albania, Bulgaria, Nepal, Cambodia, and Laos.

There was great festivity at the opening of this package. Some thanked world opinion as the donor; others called the U.S.S.R. Santa Claus for having broken the last string, even though it had tied up the package so inextricably in the first place. At any rate, the night of December 14 was a joyful one at the U.N. Mr. Lodge posed for happy photographs with the Irish. Sir Pierson Dixon of the United Kingdom invited Ceylon to sit with him. The Latin Americans kissed many countries on the cheek. It was hard to believe that these were the same men who had left the Security Council chamber thirty hours earlier numbed and crushed by one of the most dramatic sessions in U.N. history.

For when little Dr. Tingfu Tsiang of Nationalist China lifted his hand to veto Outer Mongolia, a corporate moan of despair rose from the crowded Security Council chamber. From then on down the list of the seventeen other proposed new mem-

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ber countries, another man's hand was raised in veto after veto as Arkady Sobolev fulfilled his vow of all or none. The edifice of infinite negotiation, infinite compromise, and finite distrust crumbled to dust.

DOOMED as "the package resolution" seemed after Tsiang's veto, the procedure had significant moments. It was odd, and to some embarrassing, to see the hand of the United States raised so often in abstention along with that of Nationalist China, like an ill-mated couple putting on a show of connubiality. It was outright funny, however shocking the cynicism it implied, when Sobolev started to raise his hand by mistake in favor of Spain and had it pulled sharply down, and when the same thing happened to Tsiang about Hungary.

It was disturbing to an American to see the almost palpable isolation of the chief U.S. delegate, flanked as he was by an empty chair on one side and Sir Pierson Dixon on the other, neither man seeming to confer; and the far more important isolation of his attitude from those of the other members. To disparagers of the U.N. and no doubt to Mr. Lodge himself, this difference would seem not only desirable but imperative. Here was honest, simple, fearless, moral America speaking its mind to a group of devious diplomats and the Arch Opponent. There is in Ambassador Lodge something of Siegfried tackling the dragon. To many observers, however, Mr. Lodge seemed more like an indignant and almost petulant Boy Scout accusing stray campers of breaking his tent pole.

With no mention of Nationalist China's prime act of wreckage, Lodge answered the familiar Soviet charges of American connivance with Formosa and joint responsibility for the "package's" failure by laying the entire blame on the U.S.S.R., using a wagging finger and a raft of bromidic invectives worthy of the Russians themselves. He then went on to answer Sobolev's remark that Tsiang represented only himself by comparing the government of Formosa with the governments-in-exile of the Second World War, thereby tacitly permitting the further analogy of the liberation of the Chinese mainland by Chiang.

Before his fateful veto, Dr. Tsiang had made a speech ("Formosa's swan song," a reporter called it) of such dignity, sincerity, and eloquence that one delegate whispered, "Why do we always have to hear the right things said by the wrong people?"

Thirty hours later the only ones unable to share the general relief and rejoicing were the representative of Nationalist China. his past obstructive power now dwindled to nothing, and the disappointed representative of Japan, popular but excluded by Soviet veto. All else was radiance, especially in the faces of the new members, belonging at long last.

The Twain Meet

Who would have thought that Henry A. Wallace would be back in the news again on the subject he grappled with so earnestly and unsuccessfully as Secretary of Agriculture more than twenty years ago, namely that of killing little pigs? He wanted to kill them to raise disastrously shrunken farm prices. Now he is against killing them, while stalwart Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa, who we had thought would probably rather be caught dead himself than endorsing a former Wallace program, is for killing them—again, to support farm prices.

Meanwhile the eighteen-member National Agricultural Advisory Commission, appointed by President Eisenhower to advise the present Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, has come out in favor of the idea of a "soil bank." This is a dual-purpose farm-aid and conservation scheme providing payments for farmers who plant grass and trees on some of their acres instead of surplus crops. The soil-bank idea has long been one of Wallace's pet ideas. This one the retired sage of North Salem still favors—and here he is right in line with his Republican successor, or rather Mr. Benson is right in line with him. Bank enough soil and thereby cut back on the raising of cheap feed grains, says Mr. Wallace, and you needn't worry about slaughtering those little pigs.

Come to think of it, why shouldn't the Republican Mr. Benson be in line with Henry Wallace—who was himself a Republican before he joined President Roosevelt's Cabinet back in 1933? The whole concept of special aid to farmers, lest we forget, was itself primarily a product of the thinking of Western liberal Republicans a generation or more ago, all of them acutely aware that in the otherwise booming 1920's the farmer had been left far behind. The incoming Democrats took over the Republicans' farm-aid ideas and added some wrinkles and administrative controls of their own.

The fate of the little pigs may vary from year to year (the Administration has now determined to save them, thus favoring the current Wallace view over the Hickenlooper view), but one general line of thought goes on: Help out the owner of the pigs. When the farmer calls, political opposites meet. His need brings both parties together with hardly a grudging hand on the fiscal checkbook—especially during an election year.

CAROL FOR OUR TIMES

God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Not even what is printed in the papers every day,
Not even what the fools and knaves among us have to say,
Let nothing, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay.

God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you depress,
The world has never been without a monumental mess,
The blunders of humanity are sadly numberless,
And still a wonder can emerge from folly and duress.

God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you deceive,
Nor anyone so pitiful that he will not believe
A miracle was manifest upon this winter eve.
God rest you merry gentlemen who do this truth perceive.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE POWER OF FREEDOM

To the Editor: I am grateful for the timely and discerning talk Max Ascoli gave at Marquette University ("The Hidden America," reprinted in *The Reporter* of December 1). I read it with full agreement and with a sense of urgency that Americans may be made far more consciously aware of the significance and power of their own way of life, and that its principles may be presented more clearly and effectively to peoples across the world. Our national clichés must explode their implications for ourselves and others. The battle today and tomorrow will be in the realm of ideas rather than with the implements of war.

(Rev.) George B. Ford
Corpus Christi Rectory
New York

To the Editor: I could not agree more with Mr. Ascoli in his examination of past error and the need of the future. We have indeed reached the point where we must think out this problem and find something more useful for solution than slick slogans and gutter comment. It will take, as he suggests, the organized effort of free men to meet the ever-pushing program of the masters of the Kremlin.

Wayne N. Aspinall
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

TEXAS DEMOCRATS

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's article on the Texas political situation ("The Trouble in Lyndon Johnson's Back Yard," *The Reporter*, December 1) is the best analysis that I have seen. I am one of those who take exception to Sam Rayburn's treatment of liberals. As Mr. Cater suggests, he ignores us because he feels that we have nowhere else to go. But he refuses to recognize that it is not necessary for us to go anyplace. Many liberals would rather abandon political action than be subject to the constant embarrassment of having the national leaders sell us out.

In 1952, after the stab in the back that we received at the National Convention, it was almost impossible to get the liberals aroused. Liberals must have something to fight for. We are not professionals and would not engage in politics for a selfish economic gain. Therefore, when we are kicked in the teeth, we find very little reason to support wholeheartedly the leadership that Texas now has in Washington. If we win in Texas it will be our victory and not because of any help that we have received from national Democrats, be they Texans or others.

Houston Thompson
Silsbee, Texas

To the Editor: Since Lyndon is a personal friend of mine I am pleased that Mr. Cater's article gave a fair appraisal of the Senator's ability as a political peacemaker.

I am also glad national periodicals (*Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *The Reporter*) are beginning to tell the people something of the Shivers Administration. Many of us told the people of Texas about it last summer, but only forty-nine per cent indicated they believed us. I think I would be conservative in saying twenty per cent more would join the forty-nine per cent if they had an opportunity to express themselves on Shivers now.

Texas Democracy, under the leadership of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, will be able to operate "with safe and enduring equilibrium" if the Republicans will just stay out of our primaries, which they have not done in the last three elections.

Alton B. Chapman
District Judge
Floydada, Texas

To the Editor: My only criticism is that Mr. Cater failed to bring out a basic cause of the Democratic illness. I sincerely believe that the influence of the oil, gas, and other big-moneyed interests should have been stressed.

Charles W. Grace
Judge of the County Court
Bexar County
San Antonio, Texas

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading Mr. Cater's article, although the writer leaves out many corroborated instances of political pressure brought to bear upon dissenters by the Shivers Administration through governmental agencies. Mr. Shivers preaches the right to disagree, but ask him if he will allow disagreement within his own group.

Arturo C. Gonzalez
Del Rio, Texas

To the Editor: Mr. Cater has done an excellent job in summarizing the political situation here in Texas. I have never seen such an accurate and complete analysis in one article.

Tom Moore, Jr.
District Attorney
Waco, Texas

WORSHIPFUL JAZZ

To the Editor: I have read with great dismay and disappointment, in *The Reporter's* "Notes" of December 1, your comments on "Religion and Hotcha." It pained me deeply to see you, who in the past have so adroitly and perspicaciously pointed out areas in which religion and culture have been falsely related ("Piety Along the Potomac"), bungle such an excellent opportunity to illuminate an area in which there is such an obviously right interrelationship between religion and culture.

Christianity has maintained and practiced from the beginning the fact of the interrelatedness of religion and culture. The idea that the secular can be holy is not new to Christianity, nor even to Judaism (Genesis I). Today the pendulum has swung back in an attempt to correct a prior de-emphasis, and, unwittingly, it has not only given offense to the religiously uneducated laity but has also seemed ridiculous to the unchurched.

Jazz, in this instance, is representative of all culture. It is representative for us Americans, first, because it is wholly American, and, secondly, because it is an area of culture which many of us can and do appreciate and enjoy. How better, then, to show that God works through all creation!

Donald S. Amussen
Episcopal Chaplain
University of Cincinnati

AN EIGHTH JEFFERSON

To the Editor: Re your "Seven Jeffersons" ("Which Jefferson Do You Quote?," *The Reporter*, December 15), it seems there's at least one you overlooked, one in balance to the confident "rationalist" and "democrat"—the judicious, skeptical political prophet:

"But is the spirit of the people an infallible, a permanent reliance? Is it government? Is this the kind of protection we receive in return for the rights we give up? Besides, the spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecuter, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated, that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united . . ." (from "Notes on the State of Virginia").

The reminder of the precariousness and infringibility of achieved liberty seems by no means dated. The whole passage would be worth quoting. It ends:

"The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war [the Revolution], will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

George E. Starbuck
Chicago

TODAY'S HERESY

To the Editor: Three cheers to *The Reporter* and to Henry Steele Commager for "The Perilous Delusion of Security" in the November 3 issue. He has hit the nail on the head, and sums up what a lot of people have been thinking but have been unable to put into words. The whole idea of a government or anyone else purging the minds of people is totally foreign to our American political philosophy.

Religious leaders used to think that Christianity would topple if men were allowed to hold subversive theologies, and we had the Inquisition and heresy trials. Change a few terms, and that is what some of our government leaders are trying to do today—and their success will be the same. The Inquisitors at least had the justification that they were requiring loyalty to Almighty God, while our modern witch hunters are all excited by a secondary loyalty, that to nation.

Ronald B. Rosson, Jr.
Missionary Pastor
Presbyterian Church
Metlakatla, Alaska

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE 1952 campaign was a period of tribulation and torment for quite a number of people—*The Reporter* certainly not excepted. This magazine, in November, 1951, was one of the very first publications to come out for Eisenhower. As head of our nation, we thought, he could at the same time represent the American people and the broader Allied constituency that has no vote but whose survival is interwoven with ours. But like a very large number of citizens, we were not prepared for what came to pass soon after the General started campaigning. We gave voice to our dismay before and after his nomination in Chicago, and yet were hesitant to switch to the other side. Then, as the Republican Presidential campaign proceeded, we could not escape, at the end of September, the conclusion that we couldn't take it any longer. We gave a full account of the reasons that prompted us, and came out for Stevenson.

In his editorial **Max Ascoli** states how this magazine sees the political situation *now*. The time will come, we suppose, when once more we will have to make our choice. Having made *two* choices during the last elections, we certainly don't want to undergo the same ordeal again. This is an entirely independent magazine—a militantly liberal one. Our independence would be meaningless if it did not lead us to binding commitments whenever a major choice has to be made, and certainly there is none greater than the one citizens are called upon to make every four years.

THERE WILL BE elections next month in France, and this time they seem to be of more than usual importance. It is rather risky to say this about French elections, particularly in view of the French saying—it no longer requires translation—*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,* which seems to apply eminently to the politics of that nation. This time, however, we believe two things can make a difference. The first is that the French electoral system is likely to bring considerable parliamentary gains to the Communist Party—a consideration that Premier Faure must have weighed against his wish to stop a new alignment of democratic forces brought about by Pierre Mendès-France. The second element of difference is that extraordinary man, Mendès-France himself. **Edmond Taylor** describes him in considerable detail and does not hesitate to list the minus with the plus. On the whole, the plus definitely prevails.

IN GERMANY too, there may be changes in political leadership, though not as a result of elections. For years the question has been asked everywhere: "After Adenauer, what or whom?" **Walter Gong** does something more than merely suggest the name of a possible heir to Adenauer—that of Heinrich von Brentano, the present West German Minister of Foreign Affairs; he brings us news that most American publications seem to have missed: Brentano is a man in whom not only the Christian Democrats but also the Social Democrats have confidence.

At present the two great parties of German democracy are drawing closer together, because of Heinrich von Brentano—and Molotov. Perhaps the latter's unyielding attitude at Geneva may have set in motion what ultimately could turn out to be a coalition government in Germany. All this is good news and we hope that the future will confirm it. Mr. Gong is a man who certainly knows his German politics. He has served in the German diplomatic service, most recently as press attaché in Washington, and has now returned to the profession of journalism as Washington correspondent for five German papers.

The coming Presidential elections remind us of that funny Constitutional archaism, the Presidential electors, for whom we vote when we cast our ballot for President—sometimes without knowing it and most certainly without knowing *them.* Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** tells us what is being planned to remedy the situation.

Allen Drury, of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times,* admittedly does a bit of crystal gazing on the President's intentions in regard to renomination, but he does so from the right spot, Gettysburg, Pa.

Everybody, including us, thought that everything was quiet on the tidelands-oil front after a few lucky states got their formidable bonanzas. But **Hale Champion** tells us that it just isn't so and that the citizens of Long Beach, California, feel frustrated and gypped—gypped by the authorities of their own state. Mr. Champion is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

John Cheever's story in this issue is about a writer—distinctly not the author—eternally in search of a patron. His situation was quite familiar to writers and artists of the past. Now the role of Maecenas is performed by foundations—provided their "program" permits them to sponsor such "projects," and of course only on a year-to-year basis. The writer John Cheever tells us about searches for patrons in other and various directions, and his story is both representative and meaningful.

Roger Maren, young musicologist and frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* writes about Claudio Monteverdi and how the contemporary revival of his fame has come about.

Robert Bingham, our regular movie reviewer, concludes that the best picture he saw last year was the recently released "The Rose Tattoo" and the best actress was Anna Magnani.

Sidney Alexander, poet and novelist now teaching at the New School in New York, continues the re-evaluation of classical American writers that he began with his essay on Walt Whitman in our issue of May 19, 1955.

Our Christmas cover is by **Charles MacMaster.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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I would like to vent a prejudice against the modern "Wise Men." Having no kinship to the Magi, these are the men of Madison Avenue and environs who have added the suffix "wise" to their jargon.

For instance, they might say, "C. E. Carrington's 'Life of Rudyard Kipling' is perfect for your literary friend, gift-wise."

Or, "History-wise, Harold Lamb's book, 'New Found World,' the story of the explorers of America, is the newest addition to a Doubleday series of popular narrative histories, Mainstream-of-America-wise."

Or even, "Billy Graham, the popular preacher, evangelism-wise, has written a book called 'The Secret of Happiness,' which will appeal to those concerned with self-improvement, religion-wise. Dr. Graham's book is based on the Beatitudes, commentary-wise."

And, summing-up, "These, and other books, are commended to all procrastinators, last-minute-Christmas-gift-shopping-wise, as well as to all discriminating persons, reading-wise. Get them from your favorite merchant, bookseller-wise."

These are extreme examples, and I realize this usage has an honorable grammatical history. It is even included in the authoritative "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary."

But there's such a thing as debasing the coinage of a word, and with New Year's coming up, I call on those interested in maintaining the vitality of our language to resolve to avoid using this particular cliché. No more easy imitating, I say; wise-wise, I mean.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Life of Rudyard Kipling," by C. E. Carrington, $5.50; "New Found World," by Harold Lamb, $5.75; "The Secret of Happiness," by Billy Graham, $2.00; and "The Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary," Standard $2.95, Thumb-indexed $3.50 are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, and may be obtained from any bookseller for yourself or for gifts. Doubleday wishes you a Happy Christmas season and a book-filled New Year, likewise.

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Dear Governor Stevenson:

How does it feel to be out in front, not *a* candidate but virtually *the* candidate? Even with Kefauver and the favorite sons in the race, you are still far, far ahead. In the Republican field, of course, there are no candidates, and there won't be any as long as the President's political and medical doctors can help it. So for the time being you, Governor, are a front runner with no competitor within sight—still, as you have been since your defeat in '52, a pretender to the Presidency much more than just a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

How different it all is from four years ago! Both your position and the attitude of people toward you are different. The man who was the last to decide in '52 is the first to enter the '56 contest. You did it firmly and deliberately, and you made your intention, which was already known to everybody, ringingly clear in an admirable speech. There was no reluctance this time. But somehow I feel as if the tables were turned. Quite a number of those who were earnestly, even enthusiastically, for you in '52 cannot easily make up their minds whether or not to join the newly launched pro-Stevenson movement. Is there any person better able to understand the potential, reluctant followers of '56 than the reluctant candidate of '52? Reluctance is not a commodity on which you have a corner, Governor.

Of course there are as many reasons for indecisiveness toward your candidacy as there are individuals and groups that greatly respect you but still keep themselves on the side. Some politicians may be waiting for the time when they can make their influence count the most. But *The Reporter,* too, finds itself among those inclined to wait and see, and certainly, no one can deliver *The Reporter* vote. I think I owe it to our readers as well as to you, whom we supported as our candidate last time, to state why this magazine remains—so far—uncommitted.

True, your advocacy of moderation, at the very beginning of this campaign, should be enough to show how rightful is your claim to national leadership. You acknowledge that there is no room for radicalism in our time and country, none for extremism of any kind. Rather than any Deal—Square, New, or Fair—we need intelligent, efficient administration of the laws we have, plus of course the filling via both administration and legislation of those gaps made apparent by new needs and new discomforts among our people. The indignant protest from latter-day radicals that greeted your appeal for moderation was a singularly premature and disingenuous outburst of campaign rhetoric. Maybe you counted on these outcries, which were produced on schedule and served your purposes: If this is the case, you proved to be both a wise man and a smart politician —a combination that helps.

Your integrity and intelligence have made you state the plain truth that moderation is the key word of our times; and of course you know that a stirring of perhaps immoderate popular conviction is needed to carry you into the White House. In all your speeches throughout the last campaign and ever since, invariably you have addressed the people as a moderate, witty, urbane President rather than as a candidate for the Presidency. With genuine humility you stand before your fellow citizens as the first among equals.

Last time you lost, and yet your achievement was unique in the political history of this country. In less than six months, your name became the very living symbol around which men and women rallied throughout the country with a degree of enthusiasm sometimes bordering on fanaticism if not hysteria. But last time the fission of the Eisenhower myth projected a tragic light on you—a light that probably magnified your native glow. Those were nightmarish days. We all remember what Eisenhower the candidate did to himself or let others do to him. Thank heaven, the President lived down the candidate.

This time, Governor, you are on your own. You must generate your own radiance. Undoubtedly you have proved that you can look at things and talk about them the way a President should. But to capture the people's imagination and confidence so they will make you President—this is going to be a hard job, particularly if Eisenhower runs for re-election. In that event you

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would have to contend with a man more secure, more poised, for he has mastered politics in the meantime, and has realized how great is his hold on the people. Should you contend with any other Republican, it would inevitably be with a man whose popularity is inferior to yours and who can therefore benefit from your failings. Obviously, all this assumes that you gain the Democratic nomination—an assumption that the hazards of electioneering may prove ill founded.

The fact that your situation is so different this time causes, I think, the hesitancy in people who wish you well in their hearts but thus far are reluctant to come out for you. First, you don't seem to be in much need of help, considering that you are so far in the lead. Second —and far more important—these potential supporters will decide according to the way you fare in facing a few immediate tests that will prove your mettle.

In a few weeks it will be possible to see quite distinctly both the technique of your campaign and its scope. It has been widely publicized that now you have good professionals on your team. If this turns out to be true, it's all to the good—a clear recognition on your part that, in spite and because of the record you have built for yourself, yours is a new personality that has entered the Presidential contest. But then there is the danger of overprofessionalism, of yielding to the pressure of experts who pretend to know the sweeping, magic formulas to win the support of farmers, of labor, of the so-called national or racial minorities, and so on. In your case, considering that you just cannot get rid of your exacting conscience, the danger is that you will make hedging concessions of a nature that will not bring you the support of the special-interest groups but will lower your prestige among the rest of the people. In an infinitely more literate way, for the sake of expediency, you could fall into some of the same mistakes that greatly contributed to blur Eisenhower's image in '52. Eisenhower could get away with it. You couldn't.

It is also said that this time you are carefully going to avoid exposing yourself to the reproach of talking over the people's heads. It would be a terrible pity, Governor, if it turns out that this silly, unwarranted reproach has got under your skin—particularly since you could never, no matter how hard you tried, become a self-made lowbrow.

THE MAJOR, the all-important test will be on foreign affairs. If you want to denounce all the wrong turns, the hypocrisies, the blunders of the Republican Administration, you certainly can go well beyond what your would-be or prospective Democratic competitors have said. John Foster Dulles's diplomacy is fair game. Yet, what for? Much more important than to recite that sickening list of asininities, from "unleashing" to "agonizing," is the fact that never during a peacetime election has the safety of our country been in such jeopardy. Blessed are the times when isolationism and distaste for entangling alliances could be reasonable national policies. Now we are exposed to isolation imposed on us from the outside by unfriendly powers—isolation with a dwindling margin of safety.

I don't have to tell you, Governor, how desperately we need to entangle ourselves in old and new alliances, for the interlocking system of commonwealths, all centered on our country, is breaking down. You have been all around the world, you have talked to all sorts of foreign leaders, and you know what they demand. Those on our side want their countries to be treated as partners to be respected and consulted in the making of interallied decisions. This is true of allied nations like Germany and France, Japan and Italy, just as it is true of the Benelux countries; in fact, it is true for practically every country where "alliance" is not just a name used to make respectable a kept government. This situation is extremely serious, but it cannot yet be called irreparable. It may well be irreparable by January '57, just at the time of your Presidential inauguration—if you are that lucky or unlucky. Anyway, considering that you are, I suppose, in the race to win, do you think you can wait until January '57 to start redressing the course of our diplomacy?

You may answer that bipartisanship in foreign affairs, a very difficult undertaking under any circumstances, is entirely out of question when there is no foreign policy. This is more or less the situation that now prevails—an ideal opportunity, it seems to me, to test your Presidential frame of mind. It is this frame of mind that has led you to register the truism of moderation at home. But what about using it to check the immoderates abroad who are bent on wrecking our alliances first, our country next? It is up to you to formulate programs of action so that the tide may be stemmed and the chain of interlocking commonwealths be reforged. If the Administration doesn't want to co-operate with you, then your conscience will be at peace, and the rest of the world—friends, neutrals, and enemies—will know what an American policy can and perhaps will be.

A STRIKING feature of the recent national elections in western countries is the lack of popular concern with foreign affairs. Why should it be any different, considering how little even nations like Britain and France can contribute to their own survival by influencing the condition of the outside world? It's a widespread, terrifying, yet very human let-George-do-it attitude. George is us.

Will you have confidence in George, Governor? Will you prove to him that foreign affairs have first, second, and third priority? Will you show that you are ready not only to talk but to act as a President? If you do it, Governor, you will become one.

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That Man Mendès And France's Destiny

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

ALTHOUGH the January 2 French legislative elections seem to have been specifically intended to thwart former Premier Pierre Mendès-France in his bid for power, there are few symptoms of defeatism at his cheerfully hectic campaign headquarters. The venerable administrative sanctum of the Radical Socialist Party overlooking the Place de Valois is the headquarters from which Mendès directs the "Republican Front" electoral coalition he whipped up in opposition to the pro-government tickets.

At moments the atmosphere of dedicated bustle is reminiscent of the Volunteers for Stevenson headquarters in New York or some of the pre-Chicago Eisenhower Clubs in 1952, but the command post of Mendésiste Radicalism has its own complex, specifically French personality. Since Mendès seized control of the party apparatus last May, the shabby walk-up offices that for decades have represented the nearest equivalent to Tammany Hall in French political mythology have undergone a transformation that reflects both the dynamic temper of the former Premier and some of the inner contradictions of the political renaissance he is trying to launch.

The once flyspecked, jaundice-yellow walls are now painted an efficient gray-white. Mendès's own office —a small well-ventilated room with a modern black rug, ancient leather chairs, and desk piled high with neatly stacked papers and magazines —subtly blends the auras of intellectual and party boss. Except for the gnarled usher in the front hall, the staff, both professional and volunteer, reflects the Mendésiste accent on youth. Studious but athletic-looking young men in sport jackets, and shapely but crisp young women who spend their evenings studying for doctorates churn about preparing reports, getting out publicity releases, enrolling new recruits for the party, and receiving chairmen of local Radical Socialist clubs from all over France. These essential visitors, usually rather earthy types with florid jowls and well-developed paunches, gape at the earnest young intellectuals who take charge of them, while the latter seem equally fascinated by their encounters with political life in the raw.

MENDÈS himself, in his new role as a political boss, seems determined to revolutionize once again the traditional work patterns of an ancient profession. He maintains little direct contact with the rank and file of the party he has taken over. Out of some sixty requests for audiences each day, he seldom receives more than ten especially important visitors, most of them prominent politicians. Those who have not had much previous contact with him are apt to find the experience something of an ordeal. Mendès gives the caller his undivided attention and makes no attempt to ration his time, but there is none of the backslapping traditionally associated with such encounters. Instead, the visitor is brusquely summoned to get down to brass tacks while Mendès leans back in his chair, head cocked slightly on one side, dark, saturnine eyebrows slightly lifted, wearing what looks to some like a rather supercilious smile. When Mendès disagrees with a statement he promptly interrupts and sets the speaker straight—a habit that used to infuriate his professors. In the end the visitor may leave wondering whether to be insulted at Mendès's overbearing manner or flattered at the pains the party leader has taken over his re-education, but with no doubt whatever as to who is boss of the party.

Vice-President in Charge

There do not seem to be any doubts in Mendès's mind either. At an unedifying special convention of the Radical Socialists last May, he overthrew the former self-perpetuating party management—resorting to tactics that were very much like those attributed to the Taft Republicans in the "Texas Steal" of 1952—and installed himself at the Place de Valois headquarters as acting chairman of a reorganizing committee. The annual Radical Socialist convention in November brought his leadership more in line with party legitimacy by electing him first vice-president under the nominal supervision of eighty-three-year-old party president Edouard Herriot and of an executive committee controlled by Mendès's henchmen.

Actually, Mendès is vice-president-in-charge-of-pretty-nearly-everything, and the headquarters staff, all of whom he appointed, look to him for orders. With their help and in spite of the misgivings of some members of the executive committee, Mendès is rapidly converting the Radical Socialist Party from a loose federation of local clubs into a highly centralized structure under his personal control.

He dramatically demonstrated the firmness of his grip on the party after the overthrow of the Faure government at the end of November. The Mendésistes, made overconfident by the apparent success of their long

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fight to change the electoral law and delay elections until next spring, had obviously stumbled on a cunningly planted political booby trap when they brought down the government, thus enabling Premier Faure to dissolve the National Assembly. But Mendès, only momentarily stunned by the realization that he would now have to face an electoral campaign several months before his organizational plans were completed, lost no time in hitting back. Twenty-four hours after the dissolution was decreed he had Edgar Faure haled before a drumhead court-martial presided over by Herriot, which promptly read the offender out of the party.

Faure's exercise of his constitutional right to dissolve the Assembly —for the first time since MacMahon did it in 1877—had seemed to many a sort of *coup d'état;* Mendès's countermove against Faure shocked supporters of the government almost as much as if the Radicals had guillotined the Premier and paraded in front of the Assembly with his head on a pike.

"I never dreamed that Mendès would dare to have Faure actually expelled from the party," one of the Premier's associates remarked to me after the "execution."

"We had to show the country that things have changed in our party," Mendès explained at a press conference a few days later.

Left of Which Center?

In recent weeks the confused national debate over elections has brought to light significant contradictions in the leadership of the Mendésiste movement. Although Mendès frequently stresses the theme of a united Left against the *immobiliste* Right, he has flatly rejected the Communist offer of a popular front with the Socialists and Radicals. During a press conference at the Place de Valois headquarters on December 7, Mendès made it clear that his Republican Front would be limited to the Radicals (except for the group loyal to Faure), the Socialists, the U.D.S.R. (Union Démocratique et Socialiste de la Résistance, a small postwar Center-Left formation), and a certain number of ex-Gaullists not hitherto known for their centrism, let alone leftism. This adds up to a rather peculiar Center-Left coalition, competing simultaneously with the Communist extreme Left and the Center-Right coalition of Faure, former Premier Antoine Pinay, and the Christian Democrats (M.R.P.). At the press conference Mendès said he could not see any concrete electoral or governmental program on which the Republican Front and the Communists could agree "at this time," but he failed to mention any basic ideological incompatibility that would rule out all possibility of co-operation in the future. Hence it is not clear what would happen if the Communists later reversed themselves and promised to support the Mendésiste platform.

MENDÈS likewise appears to have some difficulty deciding whether he is a Happy Warrior leading the forces of French liberalism to confident battle in a normal election

or a revolutionary firebrand summoning an aroused citizenry to the barricades. At the press conference he described his adversaries in the Radical Party as basically decent Frenchmen caught in a vicious system, and predicted that their "electoral ambush" would turn out quite differently from their expectations. Yet when the dissolution bombshell exploded, Mendès, writing under his own name in his newspaper, *L'Express,* castigated the government's action as a *coup de force*—a rupture of legality—and a "defiance of Republican principles." He concluded by calling on the republican patriots of the nation to rise united and demand an accounting from "the guilty men responsible for ten years of French decadence."

Some of Mendès's readers seem to have been a little uncertain as to how literally they should take this sounding of the tocsin.

"Any resort to force against the government is clearly compatible with the Right to Insurrection written into the Constitution," commented one reader of *L'Express* in a letter which the paper printed without comment. "We count on you to organize the resistance."

"If democracy is going to be banned from France for the next five years, we must not limit our action to the democratic level," proclaimed another reader of *L'Express.* "My proposal is no more fascist than the wartime Resistance was a fascist movement. If that isn't what Mendès-France wants to do, he had better tell us just what he does want."

The Mendésistes have been draping their comments on the parliamentary struggle in revolutionary allegory all along. When the Council of the Republic, the second chamber of the French Parliament, threw out for the second time the unpopular electoral bill Faure had squeezed through the Assembly, *L'Express* hailed this ephemeral victory in fiery prose.

"The battle is still going on, but the nation has already won it," it proclaimed over the signature of its star columnist, the noted Catholic novelist François Mauriac, whose admiration for the freethinking Mendès approaches religious fervor. "The Council of the Republic, defying the Chamber of Feudal Interests, has become the real National Assembly . . . The battle is won if we decide it is, because we have it in our power to recognize or not to recognize the acts of a majority elected against the will of the people."

This revolutionary credo of majorities in the eyes of God would have sounded more ominous if it had not been associated with M. Mauriac's tribute to the Council of the Republic, which he congratulates on its "promotion" to the role of chief mouthpiece of the popular will. Like its predecessor, the more powerful Senate of the Third Republic, the Council of the Republic is elected by a system of indirect suffrage that gives maximum weight to every kind

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of entrenched local interest. I can clearly remember the fury of my liberal and socialist French friends in 1938 when the Senate, then viewed as a bastion of economic feudalism, overthrew the second Blum government in which Mendès-France served his ministerial apprenticeship.

I LIKEWISE remember the scorn that prewar political reformers used to heap upon the electoral system of the Third Republic. Some of them, not wholly without reason, later held that it was to blame for the decline and eventual fall of the Republic. This system was based on the so-called *scrutin d'arrondissement,* or single-member constituency with double-ballot elections, which enabled the local political bosses to get together between the two ballots and work out complicated deals for swapping votes against future favors. It has always remained popular in the country, and there is little doubt that Mendès was tactically sound in basing his opposition to the government's plan for December elections on the traditional Radical Socialist attachment to the *scrutin d'arrondissement.*

Mendès's tactical blunder in overthrowing the Faure government has led to dissolution and January elections under the 1951 system: combined majority vote and proportional representation on the basis of registered alliances between party tickets at the level of the *département.* Mendès has to organize his Republican Front in one feverish month of electioneering rather than, as he hoped, in six months of intense, methodical campaigning. Moreover, the 1951 system hardly favors left- or right-of-center coalitions. Yet three new factors somewhat improve the outlook for the Mendésistes. First, the record 1.2 million new registrants, including many young people, indicates a keen public interest and forecasts a big vote, which probably favors the Mendésistes. Second, the proliferation of extreme right-wing candidates—especially followers of the steadily growing Poujade anti-tax movement—weakens the pro-governmental coalition. Finally, the record number of candidates (more than five thousand), of tickets (more than 1,400), and of electoral alliances (157) is likely to bewilder the voters. This should favor Mendésiste candidates because their chief is better known to the public than the leaders of other parties.

A recent poll by the French Institute of Public Opinion showed that twenty-seven per cent of the public favored Mendès as Premier, more than twice as much support as his nearest rival, Faure. It is probable that the Communists will make substantial parliamentary gains while losing popular votes, and that the Mendésistes will roll up a rather impressive popular vote without gaining control of the Assembly. The result would be another unstable, fractionalized Assembly in which small center groups would hold the balance of power.

But even if the Faure-Pinay combination is returned to power, it does not follow that Mendès will have suffered a major setback. The dissolution drama has given Mendès what he probably needed the most—a popular and emotional issue that will give his heterogeneous movement the impact of a crusade for justice and pure republican principles.

The Two Sides of the Man

Mendès, the crusade's leader, seems to have a messianic sense of historic mission that defies rational analysis. Unlike de Gaulle, he seldom manifests it in private or informal conversations, where he gives the misleading impression of a personality ruled by logic, but it often emerges in the excitement of large public meetings.

While the bulk of his audience may be merely friendly, significant numbers come to their feet at the end, fanatic and almost glassy-eyed with enthusiasm.

His masterful but sensitive face, which a French newspaperman has compared to that of a sentimental prize fighter, the slight rasp in his voice, the intensely controlled gestures, even the permanent five-o'clock shadow on his chin and the usually seedy business suit, all contribute to the effect. He is intensely sensitive to every reaction of his audience, and the heat of his inner fire rises with the temperature of the crowd. He never appears to lose control either of himself or of the audience, however. His firm, expressive hands seem to manage it as purposefully as a skilled rider manages his mount. The riding metaphor is reinforced by his trick of rocking back on his heels as he speaks.

The logical power of his mind shows itself at its highest when he is not in front of a crowd. His logic is somewhat like a lighthouse that throws a concentrated beam a great distance while leaving considerable areas in total darkness. His leadership is incomparable when he happens to be beamed in the right direction. He avoids the dispersion of attention that muddles the minds of lesser politicians by taking up one problem at a time, concentrating on it intensely, and then putting it out of his head.

This is the classic formula for executive efficiency, but it has its drawbacks. Apart from the fact that problems solved by Mendès do not always stay solved when he has lost interest in them—e.g., Indo-China—such excessive compartmentalization of thought, the right lobe not knowing what the left lobe thinketh, can mask the simultaneous pursuit of contradictory goals, foster confusion between means and ends, and encourage self-deception.

MENDÈS's strength and weaknesses as a democratic leader were both brought out with unusual clarity, it seemed to me, during last month's convention of the Radical Socialist Party, when it confirmed him as the standard-bearer of the liberal Left in the crusade—against a fellow Radical, Premier Faure—for an electoral new deal in France. Especially revealing was the long monologue in which he presented the new party program, modeled on the compara-

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tively down-to-earth electoral platforms of the Anglo-Saxon democracies instead of on the traditionally rhetorical manifestoes of French political parties.

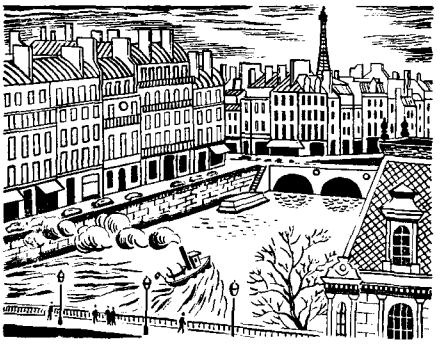
Supported by the benign if slightly vacant gaze of Herriot, a venerable hulk drifting in his presidential seat, Mendès dominated the smoke-hazed convention hall, packed with bald-pated, beefy provincial delegates and other "youth of all ages," as he tactfully put it.

Oddly framed by potted palms against the Radical emblem of the revolutionary Phrygian bonnet, while screaming banners overhead proclaimed, "The Republic Is Always in Peril" and "Public Opinion Is Impatient," Mendès stood for more than three hours before the microphone without ever losing his grip on the audience. It was certainly one of the most astonishing convention speeches ever delivered anywhere.

FOR MONTHS Mendès had been personally working on the party platform, assisted by a team of experts. The broad lines of the platform echo the familiar Mendésiste proposals for political liberalization and economic development in North Africa and the French colonies, for a long-term housing program, for the modernization of French industry and agriculture, for the stimulation of productive government expenditures, for prudent reform of the French educational system, for restoration of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*—greeted with wild cheers—and against political corruption and alcoholism—received with polite applause.

The originality both of the platform and of Mendès's commentary upon it lay in the wealth of technical detail and in his inversion of normal rhetorical values. Mendès, buoyant, self-confident, rather relaxed in his delivery, sounded almost a little bored in presenting the broad statements of principle in the platform. But his eye became hypnotic and his voice vibrant with drama as he plunged into the complex technicalities of implementation for his social and economic proposals. Few democratic audiences have ever had such a compliment paid their intelligence, but the deep, irrational springs of mass behavior were by no means slighted. Statistics, as presented by Mendès, took on the same glow of incantation that they sometimes have in Communist political ritual: abstruse fiscal mechanisms became intimate symbols of the good life: conciliation boards became concrete pledges of human brotherhood. Instead of pie in the sky it was a poetized lesson in the science of baking.

MENDES is an exceptionally ambitious politician, an almost alarmingly authoritarian administrator, a



somewhat overly pugnacious political gladiator, but more than anything else he is a teacher of his people, a modern prophet in the Biblical tradition. He is trying to remake France by first reforming the civic attitudes of the French.

This crypto-Gandhian approach permits—perhaps encourages—some curious lapses from normally responsible democratic leadership. For example, the radical platform drafted by Mendès had no foreign-policy plank, either because the foreign department of the Mendésiste brain trust had broken down or because he was not yet prepared to take a stand on certain controversial issues, such as western European unification. Similarly, the economic projects embedded in the platform, for all their wealth of fine print, lacked one important detail—a price tag.

'Robespierre' and His Team

The famous Mendès pragmatism, which his critics charge sometimes degenerates into sheer opportunism, combined with his indubitable power drive, has planted the fear of a Mendésiste dictatorship in some French minds.

"Robespierre" is an epithet sometimes tossed at him by hecklers in public meetings. The Communist *L'Humanité*, currently waging a full-scale hate-Mendès campaign in which he is accused of nearly everything except germ warfare, likes to cartoon him in Napoleonic postures.

The Mendésiste empiricism, its almost convulsive dread of *immobilisme*, its combativeness, its fascination with what it calls the Will of the People, its tendency to gouge in the clinches and outslick the slickers, above all its strident self-righteousness, may sometimes compromise the essentially moral goals Mendès has tried to set for it, and could in certain circumstances open the way for less scrupulous renovators of the Republic.

The danger, which does not seem very great, would be even less if Mendès could build up a more mature supporting team. His enemies have unwittingly joined with his press agents to weave a legend around the Mendès entourage or brain trust that has little relation to reality. In the first place, the Mendès inner group is a flexible team whose lineup often changes with the situation. Before Mendès came to power he was surrounded largely by a coterie of somewhat brash young intellectuals who cluster around *L'Express* and its brilliant, dynamic, slightly erratic thirty-two-year-old editor, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. While he was Premier, Mendès naturally leaned more heavily on trained civil servants like his able, owlish, fifty-year-old *directeur de cabinet*, André Pelabon, and the distinguished young diplomat Jean Soutou. Since he has been concentrating on running the Radical Party, he surrounds himself more and more with professional politicians, particularly his colleagues on the executive committee of the party.

AMONG his closest collaborators today are René Billeres, a youngish Radical Socialist Deputy who served briefly in Mendès's government; Senator André Maroselli; and Paul Anxionnaz, a former Radical Deputy who, as secretary-general of the party, is Mendès's chief of staff at the Place de Valois. Both Maroselli and Anxionnaz significantly represent the newer Radical Socialism of eastern France which Mendès is trying to build up as a counterweight to the

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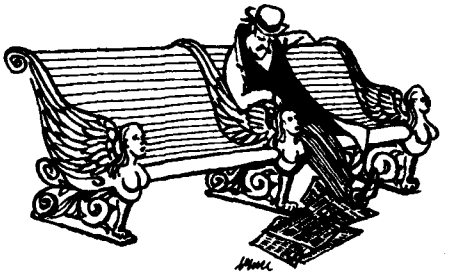
traditional Radical strongholds in central and southwest France. Other more or less permanent members of the team, in addition to Servan-Schreiber, are Georges Boris, the sixty-six-year-old Socialist newspaperman, now gravely ill, who has all along been Mendès's closest collaborator and chief foreign-affairs expert; Simon Nora, thirty-four-year-old economic expert and husband of Mendès's personal assistant, the former Leone Georges-Picot; Jean Sainteny, onetime French cloak-and-dagger operator in Southeast Asia, now French emissary to Ho Chi Minh and Mendès's chief adviser on the Far East; and Gilbert Grandval, the forceful, controversial former High Commissioner of the Saar and, briefly, Resident General of Morocco.

One of the least publicized but in some ways most important members of the team is Charles Gombault, managing editor of the largest French daily, the discreetly pro-Mendès *France-Soir*. Though Gombault, a soft-spoken, refreshingly modest former schoolmate of Mendès, is a little younger than the former Premier, in many ways he functions as the elder statesman of the group. He has helped Mendès on some of his most important speeches, including his speech to the United Nations in 1954, and he is one of the few men to whom Mendès voluntarily turns for advice in ticklish situations. Important as Gombault's role as a behind-the-scenes adviser has been, particularly in the last few months, his professional duties do not leave him much time to help Mendès where he needs help the most.

"The truth is," one of Mendès's friends admitted to me, "that Mendès's entourage has no more influence on him than a poodle has on its master. He will take advice from a street sweeper if it makes sense. Otherwise he simply can't be influenced. Mendès is an unbelievably lonely figure. Even when he is being well served he has a tendency to feel that his collaborators aren't up to the tasks he assigns them and that he has to do everything himself if he wants it done right. Unfortunately, this frequently happens to be true."

The Birth of P.M.F.

Even members of the group whose technical competence is outstanding sometimes generate headaches for Mendès in other ways. The most striking example is Servan-Schreiber, who, after his abortive duel last winter with Mendès's Foreign Minister and old school friend, Edgar Faure, became for a good time the star boarder in the Mendès dog-



house. Since then, however, he has been restored to favor—understandably, because no single member of the Mendès entourage has on balance contributed more to his rise. Servan-Schreiber is sometimes credited with having suggested to Mendès his brilliant gamble against the clock on peace in Indo-China. He founded *L'Express* and made it not only a powerful organ of Mendésiste propaganda but an intellectual rallying point. He invented the use of the initials "P.M.F.," which have proved such a handy trademark that the habit is now growing in French political circles.

Above all, Servan-Schreiber was the lens that projected, via the U.S. correspondents here, the image of a Mendésiste New Deal (with an emphasis on sound money) which sounded so irresistibly American that it automatically promoted Mendès, despite Secretary of State Dulles's misgivings, to the position of America's favorite French politician.

A couple of months ago Servan-Schreiber, with his usual unshakable confidence in his star, plunged into a gamble of almost Napoleonic proportions: the conversion of *L'Express*, a spectacular success as a semi-highbrow political weekly, into a popular daily modeled on the London *Daily Mirror*, the world's largest-selling tabloid, which hitches the circulation appeal of the incomparable British trunk murder and the decorous British love nest to unofficial support of the Labour Party. The initial result of Servan-Schreiber's experiment was so appalling that the formula quickly had to be modified. The paper still wears its bargain-basement pseudo-British dress, and occasionally indulges, not too successfully, in heart-throb journalism, but more and more it is settling down to being a lively variant on the classic French journal of opinion. Servan-Schreiber fires colorfully intemperate editorial broadsides at all the enemies of Mendès—and some of his friends; Mauriac burns Nobel-scented Academician's incense before the ikon of P.M.F., while his brother novelist Albert Camus writes movingly and sensibly of his native Algeria. The biggest disappointment is the columnist who signs himself P.M.F. For all his oratorical talent, Mendès is a dull writer. Despite this major weakness the circulation of *L'Express* is steadily rising, especially in the provinces. Unquestionably the newspaper has helped Mendès dramatize his losing fight against early elections.

Ringing In the Old

Some of his followers have long urged Mendès to disregard the existing political parties and found a great new Mendésiste party which in time would grow into a French equivalent of the British Labour Party. This thesis has always been close to the heart of the *L'Express* group and it is said to have been defended by two of Mendès's closest political friends, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, the dynamic forty-year-old Social Republican mayor of Bordeaux, and François Mitterand, the meteoric thirty-nine-year-old Minister of the Interior in the Mendès government, who is chief of the U.D.S.R. Both men are reported to have offered several times to split off from their own parties, with any followers they could rally, and formally join Mendès. But he spiked this bold project—probably for good—by deciding to base his comeback on the Radical Socialist machine.

MITTERAND, a handsome, intense young man who is the next most important figure after Mendès in the movement and an important political force in his own right, did not seem unduly distressed by Mendès's decision when I talked with him recently.

"There are only two things that

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really matter," he said. "One is to start winning back for the democratic Left the workers' votes that now go to the Communists. The other is to pump new blood into our parliamentary institutions. We are convinced that fifty new faces in Parliament—if they are the right kind—could catalyze enormous changes in the political atmosphere of this country."

The history of the Fourth Republic fails to support the new-blood theory. Liberation produced a really revolutionary turnover in the membership and parliamentary representation of all the political parties that had existed under the Third Republic, but ten years later they seem noticeably looser in their political morals and more Byzantine in their work habits than they were before 1939.

But in contrast the new blood that Mendès is pumping into the senescent arteries of the Radical Socialist Party from the headquarters in the Place de Valois may prove to have far-reaching effects if the patient can stand the strain. The Radical Socialist Party was never a romantic institution in the eyes of most Mendésistes, especially the younger ones. To them it was the party of the windy cliché and the shady deal. But once upon a time it was the party of militant French liberalism and faith in the democratic future. With Mendès at the helm, it stands a good chance of becoming that again.

FOR HIS PARTY and for the Republican Front Mendès continues to stress youth, but he is keenly feeling the need for more mature and responsible collaborators in his self-imposed mission of rejuvenating France. He is still the archenemy of *immobilisme*, but he is appreciating more and more the advantage of having roots. The electoral campaign has given him an extraordinary opportunity to build up his popularity in the country—where it is already quite strong. The enthusiasm of youth and the methodical work of a well-oiled political machine, improvisation and experience—this is a typical Radical Socialist emulsion of political opposites, but it has a tonic potency France has not known for a long, long while.

Heinrich von Brentano, Adenauer's Heir Apparent

WALTER GONG

KONRAD ADENAUER, just recovered from pneumonia, leaned thoughtfully over the railing of the government bench in the West German Parliament and with an almost fatherly air watched a fifty-one-year-old man addressing the chamber. Heinrich von Brentano, his Foreign Minister, was setting forth the Federal Government's foreign policy in the light of the failure of the second Geneva Conference, and it was obvious that his speech would to a considerable degree determine the tenor of the parliamentary debate that was to follow.

Wide World

Heinrich von Brentano

"The Federal Government," Brentano said on December 1, "will continue to pursue a policy of German reunification in close and trusting co-operation with its allies. It rejects any thought of endangering this infinitely valuable friendship and the support it implies by any hesitancy, inconstancy, or lack of frankness . . . The German people will not permit themselves to be pulled out of this [western] community nor will they separate themselves voluntarily from it . . ."

These were firm words, not calculated to please those neutralists at Bonn who had been looking for a change of program. Yet the speech led to the most moderate and friendly debate on foreign policy ever held in the Bundestag. The Foreign Minister's declaration was approved by a solid majority of the government coalition, with the Refugee Party abstaining and the Socialists voting in the negative. It was not so much the vote that was remarkable, however, as it was the spirit in which the debate was held.

BRENTANO'S rather dry and reserved speech reflected exactly the personality of its author. If seen in a crowd of good-looking, well-dressed men, some of them wearing glasses, Brentano would never strike anyone as the coming man in Germany. Yet the way Adenauer listened to him was itself unusual. Attentively and with an air of trust, the old man watched Brentano, who just six months before had made his debut as chief of the German Foreign Office—an office which until then Adenauer had not been willing to entrust to anyone.

The same Adenauer—though he had aged somewhat meanwhile and perhaps mellowed a bit too—had, on earlier occasions, dealt unmercifully in public with his aides on foreign policy. On one occasion, when the eloquent speaker for the Socialist opposition, Professor Carlo Schmid, sharply attacked Professor Walter Hallstein, Foreign Secretary, the old Chancellor had sarcastically remarked, "Well now, Professor Schmid, how shall I explain it to you? Professor Hallstein, you know, simply talks about foreign policy the way professors talk when they talk about foreign policy."

Such a brush-off could never happen to Brentano. Every German observer agrees that he is more than just an aide to Adenauer. He is quite clearly the Foreign Minister of the

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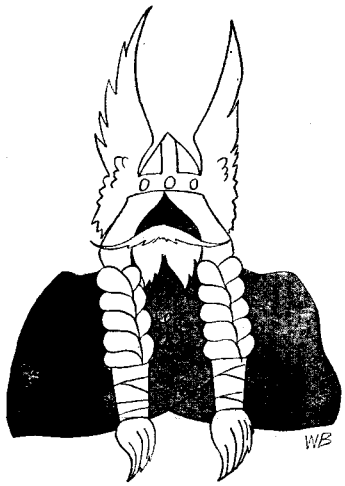
Federal Republic—a position in which he has won unique respect all around.

A Handshake for Ollenhauer

Not once, during the crucial debate following his speech, did the opposition heckle Brentano with the catcalls that have been customary in the Bundestag. When Erich Ollenhauer, leader of the Social Democratic opposition and until now an irreconcilable foe of Adenauer's foreign policy, arose for rebuttal, he spoke in a tone that was courteous and moderate. It suddenly became apparent that the opposition was in reality much closer to the government on matters of foreign policy than ever before—certainly closer than could have been recognized on the surface. The same Ollenhauer who had constantly demanded four-power discussions on the German question now admitted that another four-power conference would be pointless. The Social Democrats even went so far as to say that further bilateral negotiations between Bonn and Moscow, aimed at some form of mutual agreement, would serve no purpose now. The friendly ties with the West should not, they agreed, be questioned.

Chancellor Adenauer greeted his old adversary Ollenhauer with a hearty handshake, which had not previously been his custom. As the press service of the Social Democratic Party described the scene, "Immediately after the speech by the leader of the opposition, the Federal Chancellor arose from his seat. With a sure and springy step, a picture of complete calm and self-confidence, he walked to the speaker's stand. . . . His speech consisted of a few unaffected sentences. He said, among other things: 'I thank Herr Ollenhauer for his party's clear and straightforward statement that reunification can only be achieved on a basis of freedom and legality.'"

In addressing his remarks to the Social Democrats, Adenauer used terms he had rarely employed in such discussions as these. We must, he said, conduct our policy carefully and together if we are to avoid the danger that the world may become accustomed to the division of Germany by the Iron Curtain and weary of struggling further with the German problem. We must also work together, he said, to keep hope of reunification alive in the Soviet zone. And the Chancellor's phrasing was echoed by the Social Democratic Party's press service when it declared, after insisting that the opposition



never *had* taken any position on reunification other than that it be achieved under conditions of freedom and legality: "Democratic Germany needs the co-operation of all its democratic forces to weather the coming storms."

THE NEW emphasis by both sides on the word "co-operation" does not mean, of course, that the Social Democrats are about to give up opposition as such. They are insisting that what they call their "defamation" by the government coalition must stop. But at the same time they have retreated somewhat from their former position on foreign policy, while Chancellor Adenauer for his part has made it easier for them to retreat, by appearing to be less strict on several points than before—and so smoothing the way for a bipartisan policy. The Socialists remain opposed to German membership in NATO as providing an obstacle to reunification. But, Adenauer has asked them in effect, whoever told you in the name of the Federal Government that it holds membership in NATO to be the best way of achieving unification? The issue of NATO is one thing, he implied, and that of unification another. He didn't mean by this that German membership in NATO had now become unnecessary or undesirable, but he recognized that the Soviets could not be threatened with German rearmament and thus pressured into agreeing to unification.

Although many foreign observers appear to have overlooked the fact, what has happened is that as a result of the two Geneva conferences and of Adenauer's and Brentano's own experiences at Moscow, a kind of *rapprochement* is developing between the government coalition and the opposition. Under the heading *"Gemeinsam—ein gutes Wort"* ("Together—a good word"), the thoroughly independent *Süddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich wrote of the December foreign-affairs debate, "The barricades so carefully erected on both sides have thus crumbled to pieces, and it would be pure obstinacy to wish to maintain that they continue to form insurmountable obstacles." This change, which could lead to bipartisanship in foreign affairs with radical effects on western policy, certainly could not have been foreseen by Molotov when he broke up the second Geneva meeting.

Fear and Lost Hope

One major cause of this drawing together has been an underlying fear in German minds of what might yet happen to their country in the struggle between the rival giants of East and West. While many westerners have been haunted by the possibility of a new Rapallo-type deal between Germany and Russia, the Adenauer government became afflicted with a reverse apprehension when East-West tensions began to relax in mid-1955—the possibility that East and West themselves might make a deal that would sidetrack Germany and even sell out its future. There was the specific fear, for instance, that the wartime Allies, coming together in a comradely Eisenhower-Zhukov spirit after their period of falling out, might reach a settlement fixing German borders and thereby freezing the smoldering Polish-boundary issue. When President Eisenhower at a news conference last May remarked in reference to the Austrian state treaty that neutrality is quite acceptable if the neutral state is able to defend its independence, many Germans were dismayed, and one official remarked to this writer that "Adenauer was shocked to the bone." His argument that neutrality was impossible had been undermined. Neutralization and Austrianization would rob Germany of freedom of move-

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ment in the future. At that time, the concern in Bonn was not so much with what the Soviets might do but rather with how far the West might be prepared to go in dropping or neglecting its German alliance for the sake of establishing harmony with the East.

It was this fear of being treated like a pawn which in large measure prompted Adenauer's decision to go to Moscow for the sake of direct contact and which led to the position he took there. He traded diplomatic relations with the Soviets for the return of the prisoners who had been held in Russia for more than ten years. Adenauer's agreement, coming in response to Bulganin's last-minute suggestion after the talks seemed doomed to collapse, must be attributed to much more than his knowledge that German public opinion would not understand a failure to bring the war prisoners home. He was also still under the impression that a partial deal with Moscow was the best he could expect at a time when East and West were smiling broadly at each other.

The anger expressed by U.S. Ambassador Charles Bohlen shortly thereafter was, according to reliable eyewitnesses, directed less at the deal Adenauer had made than at the fact that he felt the Germans had misinformed him. On the basis of information received from the German delegation, Bohlen had already reported to Washington that the conversations would end in failure. Suddenly he learned from American correspondents in Moscow that there had been an agreement after all. The State Department, eager to support Adenauer, compounded the resultant confusion by issuing a communiqué of victory, from which it could only be inferred that the German Chancellor, the representative of "western strength," had beaten the Russians over the head. This must have been news to Adenauer.

It was Heinrich von Brentano who opposed his Chancellor's position at Moscow, arguing that the German delegation had gone there to take up the question of German reunification and not to agree to diplomatic relations unless the Soviets indicated a willingness to negotiate. The Russians showed themselves unwilling, and brought in the side issue of the German prisoners only so that at the very last moment they could offer the Germans the chance of taking at least something home from the meeting. Brentano, who was opposed to letting the conversations become sidetracked in this way, would have preferred a total failure. But the Chancellor, in the spirit of Geneva, accepted the crumb.

During the period of second thought after Moscow, followed by the later debâcle at Geneva, Brentano's ideas had their full impact at last. For the effect of these talks was to kill the hopes of all those who had imagined that establishing relations with the Soviets might bring into being an independent, neutral Germany. The Soviets' price became clear: They wanted only a subject Germany. As Molotov said at Geneva, not only would German membership in a western military alliance be considered a threat by the Soviets, but even a Germany rearmed as an independent military power would be unacceptable.

Molotov thus succeeded in depriving the German Social Democrats of

their main argument. They are coming to realize that they do not have any formula to offer for counteracting the disillusionments caused by Moscow. And though they had previously opposed any kind of German rearmament, they are now co-operating with Adenauer in the seclusion of parliamentary committees on the business of working out new legislation for the German armed forces.

'He Doesn't Cheat Us'

From this miasma of German worries about the West on the one hand and of blasted hope in an accommodation with the East on the other, the figure of Foreign Minister Brentano emerges dramatically. The lawyer from Hesse who was one of the founders of Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party represented Bonn at the Council of Europe in Strasbourg for several years before his recent promotion. The Strasbourg assignment was a significant one. Brentano, whose family has distinguished itself over many centuries in public life, the arts, professions, and business, is the product of a broad European background. Born in 1904, a confirmed bachelor and perhaps the greatest chain smoker in international politics, he was until 1945 an unassuming lawyer, free from involvements with the Nazi régime. Socialist chief Ollenhauer recently said of him, "Brentano is the only successor to Adenauer who would be acceptable to us."

How has Brentano, after only six months in office, attained this position of universal respect? First of all, he has won the confidence of his own chief—no easy job. It has often been said that the stubborn old man who has guided German policy with a firm hand since 1949 will brook no contradiction. But that is only a half-truth. The way in which Brentano opposed him at Moscow convinced Adenauer that here was a man he could trust.

Even more important, Brentano is the first of Adenauer's Cabinet Ministers whom the Social Democrats have trusted. From the moment he assumed responsibility for foreign affairs, he insisted on the importance of keeping the opposition informed. "He doesn't cheat us," the Social Democrats say of him. Meanwhile, he has brought administrative order and self-confidence into the Foreign Service. He has kept overseas missions informed no less than he has the opposition—a departure from the past, when Bonn's missions were widely looked upon as little more than a messenger service.

But above all, Brentano comes forth at a time when there has arisen in West Germany a widespread urge to break the stalemate that immobilizes it—to "do something" and to do it as independently as possible. The feeling is still vague and unfocused. West German sovereignty having been restored only last May; but the

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sense that standing on one's own feet is preferable to too much dependence on the West is not restricted to opposition groups. Acquaintances of German diplomats in the West have remarked that they just couldn't believe it when they were told that the Germans themselves had worked out no plan for their own reunification. Touching on this point, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium remarked recently while attending a congress of the European Union in west Berlin. "It would be only natural for the Federal Government to take the initiative toward the western partners in the matter of German unification, because only the German government and no one else can judge what obligations the Germans will be willing to assume in order to achieve it." Both inside Germany and among its western friends, there is a growing recognition of the desirability of more initiative on Germany's part. Germany must be more than a barge in tow.

BRENTANO is well fitted to steer a course in free association with the West, especially since the Social Democrats seem willing to share the deck with him while maintaining their opposition on domestic policies. At any moment, to be sure, the old intensity of interparty feuding may come back again. But among Brentano's personal assets are his relative youth and the fact that he was not involved in Germany's political past; he is not the prisoner of the haunting fears or of the extreme flights of hope which characterized that past. Springing from a traditional background, he is both a new and an unencumbered figure on the German landscape. He could be called one of the first sons of the new German Federal Republic.

AT HOME

Our Electoral Machinery And Some Willing Mechanics

DOUGLASS CATER

ONE of the perennial problems with which members of Congress concern themselves, and one of the most baffling, is the matter of how the President should be elected. Their interest is not just in the mechanics of the thing but in how the electoral process shapes the man who wins that high office.

Curiously, the Electoral College—that rather complicated institution devised by the Founding Fathers to make the Presidential selection—was a part of the Constitution that stirred up almost no controversy at the state ratifying conventions. But less than a decade after ratification, Congress took up the first proposal for amendment. Last spring, the latest of these proposals, still being dropped into the hopper at the average rate of eight a year, was reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee and placed on the consent calendar.

At a recent press conference in Washington, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson predicted that the majority policy committee would give early consideration next session to this amendment, sponsored by Senators Price Daniel and Estes Kefauver, which provides that the Electoral College shall be abolished and each state's electoral votes be divided in proportion to its popular vote. But the chances of passage are exceedingly slim. The zest for this kind of reform has waned considerably since 1950, when the Lodge-Gossett amendment, identical with that of Senators Daniel and Kefauver, passed the Senate by more than the necessary two-thirds vote but failed in the House.

The case for reform can be made pretty convincing. Probably on no other matter were the drafters of the Constitution more vacillating and seemingly uninspired than on the manner of choosing the President. Three times they adopted and then rejected a proposal to let the two Houses of Congress make the choice. But just as unappealing to them as reliance on the Legislative Branch, which would have been a giant step toward a parliamentary type of government, was the suggestion to rely directly on the people. "It were as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for Chief Magistrate to the people as it would be to refer a trial of colors to a blind man," argued George Mason of Virginia. In the end the drafters set up the College, to be appointed in such manner as the state legislatures should specify, each state's quota to be equal in number to its Congressional delegation.

The Rubber Stamps

Though they spoke of electors being chosen for "their wisdom and character," there is not a word in the Constitution defining the discretionary powers of an elector. Even the business of distinguishing between their Presidential and Vice-Presidential choices was overlooked and had to be rectified in the Twelfth Amendment after the embarrassing tie vote in 1800 between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. But in spite of continuing protests no amendment has yet been adopted to correct the situation in which a group of electors whose names do not even appear on the ballot in most states are entrusted with the job of choosing the President after a nation-wide election has been held to decide that very thing.

Independent electors or rubber stamps? Since the rise of the great political parties, tradition has ruled

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in favor of the latter. But it is only tradition. In 1912 a number of electors pledged to Theodore Roosevelt announced that they would switch to Taft if it developed that their votes were pivotal. In 1948 all eleven Alabama electors who had been nominated in the Democratic primary made known in advance that they would vote for the Dixiecrat nominee, J. Strom Thurmond, and subsequently did; one Tennessee Democratic elector switched to Thurmond after the election. Lawyers and political scientists like to speculate about what would happen if the people chosen to elect the President should suddenly take their job seriously. Thus far the Federal courts have steadfastly refused to intervene when the issue was brought to them.

BUT EVEN more disturbing to some political students, both in Congress and the universities, is the practice of counting each state's entire electoral vote for one nominee, even if his rival wins only a few less popular votes. They point to the opportunity thus opened for a minority nominee to win the Presidency by capturing a few key states by a narrow margin. As a matter of fact, three Presidents — John Quincy Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison—did win office after losing in the popular vote. More recently both Woodrow Wilson and Harry Truman won decisive majorities in the Electoral College after gaining only a plurality of the popular vote.

Three Proposals

It is to this possibility of misrepresentative results that the reformers commonly address themselves today. But they part in three directions when they consider what to do about it. At present there is a vocal group supporting the Mundt-Coudert amendment, which would retain the Electoral College but have the electors chosen by Congressional district with two at large from each state, corresponding exactly to the distribution of the state's Congressional delegation. There is another group that supports the Daniel-Kefauver amendment to split each state's electoral vote in proportion to the popular vote. Finally, there is the Humphrey-Langer group, which would do away with the whole electoral-vote

IMPROVING HOSPITAL-ITY

ERIC SEVAREID

The Ford Foundation's gift of half a billion dollars to private colleges, hospitals, and medical schools is staggering to the imagination in terms of the sheer amount of hard cash and in terms of the good that can come of this gargantuan gesture. There can hardly be a school or a hospital president anywhere who does not dream, even as you and I, of all the things he would do if a rich uncle in Australia or Detroit were suddenly to drop a large purse in his lap. I would suspect that the condition known as an embarrassment of riches is going to be a problem for these institutions for a time as they figure out how to spend the money. Most of them are embedded in the habits of poverty. But still, this is an embarrassment that most of us would bravely face, and no doubt they will be able to stand the pain.

The colleges will use the bonanza for upping faculty salaries, long overdue, though this may require a certain social and neighborhood adjustment if men and women of learning are going to be seen driving cars as good as that of the football coach. There won't be quite that problem in the hospitals, since most of the overworked, underpaid people who labor in those institutions can just about manage streetcar fares as things now stand. Of course the hospitals will use a lot of their new-found money to improve their services. And it is here that I thought I might serve, for the next couple of minutes anyway, as a kind of unpaid consultant to hospital administrators in general.

Here in Washington a self-appointed lobbyist or consultant who doesn't represent anybody in particular calls himself a representative of the consumers. I have consumed hospital services from time to time and I thought I might just represent all hospital-service consumers for the moment. I haven't called a meeting yet, but I have no doubt that we consumers can suggest quite a few service improvements the new money could be used for, and I'm sure hospital administrators will be delighted to have our advice.

I don't suppose they can knock down the daily room charges much, since that would just bring them back financially to where they were, but if they must charge as much for one bare hospital room as you pay for a suite at the Waldorf, they might at least throw in one of those Hilton bedside books. I mean the volume with the Pigs Is Pigs story. They might also make the private room private just for fun. This might discourage a visiting mother-in-law from the obstetrics case next door who wants to talk about *her* appendix, or even the visiting preachers on their flying rounds, both the hearty types and the brooding, make-your-peace-now types. I admit to enjoying their visits occasionally, but if they had to knock first a fellow would have time to stuff his copy of *Esquire* under his pillow.

The hospitals might use some of the money for a special rest-up ward where absolutely nobody is allowed to enter, and where patients have three days to catch up on all the sleep they've lost while under the hospital's loving care. Hospitals that can't afford a special slumber room even with the Ford money could attack the problem of patient exhaustion by cheaper means. Take the nice old lady assigned to wake you up out of a sound sleep in order to give you a sleeping pill. They could retire her to St. Petersburg, Florida. And the breakfast waitress who bangs in, dropping a few utensils on the floor at dawn an hour after you got *back* to sleep—she might like St. Petersburg too.

And when one thinks about what could be done to improve the hospital diet, the mind reels, the esophagus quivers. Who is to say that if all hospitals switch from pap to food the farm-surplus problem would not be cured overnight?

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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system and choose the President by direct popular vote.

Advocates of each of these proposals disagree sharply about the merits of the other two. Senator Karl E. Mundt, for example, claims that the plan advanced by Senators Daniel and Kefauver would have resulted in minority victors in two elections in addition to the three already mentioned: Garfield-Hancock in 1880 and McKinley-Bryan in 1896. No doubt similar inconsistencies could be pointed out in Mundt's own amendment, for Congressional districts, which form his principal base of selection, vary widely in voter representation. One of the two districts of Mundt's own South Dakota, for instance, is more than three times more populous than the other. To allow each to cast one electoral vote would surely produce a distorted total. In fact, direct national election is the only way of determining the popular mandate with precision.

But the testimony presented before the Senate Judiciary Committee, replete with elaborate graphs and statistical charts, makes it abundantly clear that the politicians are less concerned about possible violations of the popular will than they are about the way the President's mandate differs from their own particular mandates. They are anxious to rearrange the system of political pressures that causes his mandate to differ from theirs. The object of electoral reform is to determine how the man who is elected will behave as President—mostly, of course, how he will behave toward Congress.

Seven Key States

Take the situation that will confront the Republican and Democratic nominees next fall. Seven states—New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and Michigan—control 205 of the 266 electoral votes necessary to win. In practice, the margin of one vote necessary to win a plurality in each of these seven states becomes the all-absorbing goal of party strategy. The nominees were chosen in the first instance for their prospective appeal in these key states. Their speeches, personal appearances, and general policies and worries are of necessity influenced by this consideration. Whereas the method of computing electoral votes supposedly gives a weighted advantage to the smaller states in the same way that their Congressional delegations are weighted, this practice of awarding a state's entire vote to the marginal winner more than compensates in favor of the big states with large urban populations. New York's forty-five electoral votes constitute a swing of ninety votes one way or the other, often on the basis of a few thousand votes' popular plurality.

It can also be argued that this tilt mechanism contributes to the continuing preservation of the one-party system in the Deep South, upper New England, and the North Central States. There is no incentive for the nominee of the minority party to push for the maximum potential of votes in these regions so long as the

Presidential game is played on a winner-take-all basis.

Correspondingly, the intense competition for the key two-party states tends to focus disproportionate attention on certain groups and interests within those states because they may constitute the balance of power. It accounts for the fact that nominees of both parties suddenly become solicitous of certain minority groups as well as of civil rights, immigration, and a weird complex of foreign-policy issues.

Senator Mundt's solution for this is the simplest. He would compensate by swinging the pendulum hard in the other direction. He would transfer the tilt mechanism to the Congressional districts, where traditionally the agricultural interests have been represented far in excess of their popular strength. For the key states he would substitute certain key districts subject to gerrymander and other abuses of state legislatures. Among the political scientists who have rallied to Mundt's cause there is talk of achieving "balance and symmetry in the political roots of the government of the United States." What they would do is establish the same weighted bias toward rural America in the Presidency that now exists in the House of Representatives.

Southern Accent

The potential effect of the Daniel-Kefauver proposal to split each state's electoral vote is less predictable. It has strongly attracted some liberals and conservatives and repulsed others. It has provoked extravagant claims from some of its advocates. Former Representative Ed Gossett of Texas declared flatly that the Civil War would have been avoided if the amendment had been in effect at that time. He claims that it will subdue extremists.

In 1950, as the Lodge-Gossett amendment, it passed the Senate 64 to 27, with only the ultraconservatives of both parties, including Byrd, Taft, and Millikin, aligned against it. It might have fared similarly in the House except for the ill-chosen arguments of some of its Southern advocates, who spoke happily of the curbs it would impose on the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and other minority political-action groups, since they would no longer be in a position to pivot key non-Southern states. As a result, Northern liberal Democrats in the House turned against it en masse.

Since then a number of Northern Senators have also cooled toward this particular amendment. Again their reluctance is ascribable to the business of margins that helps determine priorities in party platforms. It can be demonstrated that at least for the short run both parties would find it more fruitful under the Daniel-Kefauver system to cultivate the Southern voter than to concentrate their efforts on two-party states. The prospect of winning—or losing—electoral votes would be greater in Louisiana than in Ohio.

Senator Kefauver, who has no vested interest in further strengthening the grip of Southern conservatism, argues in rebuttal that such competition would lead to a broader franchise and a more vigorous two-party system in the South. The Southern

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Negro could be expected to become a self-reliant participant in Southern politics with a chance to better his own political condition. But the typical Northern Negro foresees an indeterminate period in which Southern conservatism, already a massive influence in both Houses of Congress, would extend its dominance to the White House.

FINALLY, there is the proposal of Senators Humphrey and Langer for direct popular elections. The best rebuttal is that it doesn't stand a chance since the less populous states would never ratify an amendment that further emphasized the mass voting strength of the big cities. Its calculable effects are not all on the plus side. A nominee appealing directly for the national mandate might feel less concern about the need for reconciling important sectional differences. It could conceivably stimulate the reformation of parties along doctrinaire, centralized, disciplined lines. Demagogic attempts at mass appeal might become even more prevalent.

Hurrah for the Status Quo

All this has led a good many serious students of the problem to a spirited defense of the status quo, at least until a better alternative comes along. They agree it would be worthwhile if the elector as a potentially free agent could be eliminated. It would also be fortunate if new incentives could be devised for extending Presidential campaigns into the one-party regions of the country.

But they argue that it would be Constitutional quackery to abolish the present system of electing our Presidents in a misguided effort to create "balance and symmetry in the political roots" of the President and Congress. Existing differences in their mandates have in the main created a healthy tension in our representative form of government, each keeping the other in check.

Nor has it been unhealthy that Presidential nominees should exhibit a special concern for the marginal groups in our country—usually the underdog groups. The effort to reconcile the treatment of these groups with the democratic ideals of the nation has seldom failed to contribute to the nation's well-being.

THE IZE HAVE IT

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

I used to be in a movement which democratized and vitalized, and ever since I have been enchanted to discover how many splendid ways other groups have of izing, too: Designers stylize, advertisers personalize, bureaucrats finalize, educators functionalize, theologians theologize, philosophers philosophize, motorists wise Simonize, a famous preacher prayerizes, and economists not only economize but also (much more fun) they maximize, as in that famous old economists' slogan which I just made up, "Maximize your gross availabilities." Thoughts are picturized, citizens are activized, children are socialized, cabins are pressurized, possibilities are actualized, pillows are sanitized, dreams are eroticized, houses are burglarized, relations are normalized, but relatives are absolutized (not my relatives). And do you know what gets bureaucratized? Hierarchies. I understand that the fellow who started all this was lionized and canonized.

Everybody knows we are surrounded by a sea of functionalization, standardization, centralization, overspecialization, derationalization, deregionalization, depersonalization, and depoliticalization, along with, of course, our old friends industrialization and urbanization, not to mention all that proletarianization. But did you know that there is also plenty of atomization, particularization, individualization, localization, and decentralization? The izing of words is the result of the technicalizing and how-to-ization of life, and there's plenty of that, too.

There seem to be three basic types of izes: ordinary, extraordinary, and bloodshot.

The ordinary ones are just plain old everyday words ending in -ize, which means "to make so-and-so"—as in formalize, to make formal; stabilize, to make stable; and secularize, to make whoopee. These may have no special quality until they are adopted by some group, used with earnest perseverance, and promoted into an extraordinary private language; that is, until they are jargonized.

Then the fun begins. These words are joined by other gems which did not grow in the crude old-fashioned way but rather were made, and not by one mind but a group: They are expertized, categorized, structurized, and then, most important, familiarized by constant repetition. For better results these words should then be souped up with added parts so that they are really abnormalized into a state of superdehumanization.

It also helps if gobbledygookization has already taken over the original verb before we ize it. (It is, unfortunately, usually necessary to have an original verb, although a word consisting entirely of additives, subtractives, diminutives, prefixes, and suffixes remains a beguiling possibility.)

The best specimens are the words that the old-fashioned unjargonized mind thinks should be left alone and not ized up much at all: personal and human; democracy and vitality; prayer; the individual and his spirit. When we begin personalizing, humanizing, vitalizing, democratizing, prayerizing, individualizing, and spiritualizing, we really have something. What we have is well said in that heart-warming motto: Libertization! Equalization! Fraternization! It is our goal, the brotherhoodization of man.

Some think we need agitators and intimidation to suffocate the spirit, but it is not so. Our way is easier. We'll finalize it.

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The Enigma Of Gettysburg

ALLEN DRURY

Away from the old dark agonies of the haunted battlefield, we gathered at the post office to watch the man come to work. Or we went to the farm to see him play with his grandchildren and his cows. Or we met him on the mountain, amid the winter-naked trees and the shivering young Marine guards of Camp David.

After so much of this, two alternate portraits began to emerge. One was of a man hell-bent for retirement, determined to use his heart attack as a perfectly reasonable justification for saying good-by to a job he no longer wanted and no longer liked.

The other, claiming a protesting but increasing number of adherents in the press corps as the days went by, was of a man moving, with much the same astute naïveté as when he reluctantly wandered into the Republican nomination in 1952, to a position from which he might, with no particular shock to the public mind, let it be known in due time that he would again be a candidate for the Presidency.

For this latter point of view there was a certain amount of evidence, some of it stronger than the evidence on the other side.

News Bonanza

There was an unusual solicitude, on the part of his amiable and highly competent press secretaries, for the welfare of the press. This was particularly evident in the treatment of the television and newsreel cameramen and the still photographers. "As long as the photographers were taken care of, that was my main worry," Jim Hagerty said frankly after the first trip to the farm. "We've never had it so good," the photographers confided later to their friends.

It was only after some strong protest that more than two reporters were allowed to go along: One picture was presumably worth a thousand words. But as it turned out, there were hundreds of pictures and tens of thousands of words, and Grandpa and the kids dominated the front pages, took over the television and theater screens, and filled the air waves everywhere. Reporters had

only asked that they be permitted to "see the farm some time." What they got was a news bonanza complete with all the trimmings.

In the same fashion the children held the spotlight again a few days later, when the boy and his older sister came up for another weekend at the farm. Although their father had indicated privately that he thought they were getting a little too fond of it all, they were brought along on the trip to the office. The chauffeur rolled down the window so that the press could function unimpeded, and once again the stories and the pictures went out across the land.

More subtly, there was an atmosphere in the Gettysburg operation that suggested people in no doubt at all about where they were going. Visiting politicians might be in doubt, but the staff showed no signs of uncertainty. Thoroughly able people all, they operated in the only way they could operate—on the assumption that the show would be on the road for a long time to come. This would have been understandable and laudable in any event, given the necessity for maintaining public stability and confidence both at home and abroad. It became considerably more noteworthy when it became apparent how fully and completely they were receiving the active cooperation of the man down on the farm.

The Hearty Convalescent

One recovering from so grave an illness might justifiably have been a little less compliant with the unceasing demands of ravenous publicity. It is true that a tower on the battlefield overlooking the farm was closed for reasons of security and to prevent long-range spying. It is also true that this well-publicized event was almost the only sign of a desire for privacy that could be found at White House-Gettysburg.

Partly this seemed to stem from a fact obvious to all who saw him: He looked fine and he was feeling fine. From that well-being there evidently came an active appreciation of the situation and an active desire to stay on top of it in every way he could.

The man being who he is, this was not difficult: two trips to the farm in two weeks for the press; the fantastic operation of the helicopter lift to Camp David, which focused attention as few things since Morgan's midget; the minute detail with which the activities of his days were recorded—always volunteered when the press did not ask for it; the steadily increasing and apparently quite genuine flow of official appointments in the Gettysburg office, every one carefully photographed.

No man who did not want this much attention needed to have it; never in the White House was he photographed so incessantly and reported in such exhaustive detail. Some of this was necessary to keep up public confidence and prove that he was back on the job. More

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of it seemed designed to indicate that he was not only back on it but that he might well intend to stay on it.

THERE WAS a wider aspect, furthermore. Leonard Hall and Joe Martin came to Gettysburg and were sent away uninformed but hopefully glowing. Bill Knowland, stubbornly honest, was filled with a less fulgent light but still had to concede that if his host ran again, he would support him. The talk of "easing the burdens of the President" went on apace in the Justice Department in Washington, while in Gettysburg the easing was translated into practical fact by the shrewd intelligence of Jim Hagerty and the small gray eminence of Sherman Adams, quiet, unobtrusive, and always there.

And there were two other signs: first a message to the AFL-CIO merger convention, approving labor activity in political campaigns, urging care for the opinions of minority groups within union ranks—a make-people-happy-don't-make-them-mad statement entirely in keeping both with the talents which have made him so great a unifier of the country and with the needs of a man desirous of holding the friends he has and of gaining some new ones for the future.

Then there was the statement to the Republican National Committee at its meeting in Chicago: "I shall do everything in my power next year to help you report the record accurately and fully to the country." Not since Franklin Roosevelt in his heyday had there been an equivocation more likely to keep the situation fluid and keep it revolving around one man.

Of, by, and for the G.O.P.

Anyone watching the Gettysburg operation, in fact, might well conclude that it was being conducted with just the right shade of apparent disinterest to achieve the most practical results and that those results might logically be assayed as the culmination of an operation as astute and farseeing as any in the history of American politics.

To regard it so was not to say that if the President actually felt in poor health next year he would under any conditions or in any respect connive in a fraud upon the country. In such a circumstance, no fair-minded person could assume other than that he would immediately withdraw to the farm and to such activities of elder statesman as his health might permit.

But if in the months ahead he continues to feel as he plainly did in Gettysburg, alert in mind and well in body, then there should be no real shock to anyone if it is presently announced that he will run. In any event, this shock, if it comes, will be very quickly dissipated as the written, photographed, and televised evidence of good health and continued activity floods the country. From the startled question "He's going to *run*?" to the matter-of-fact comment "Well, he's going to run" would be a very short transition indeed once the step were taken. The public shock that today might be presumed to be a handicap to his candidacy would not be a handicap for long, because soon it would no longer exist.

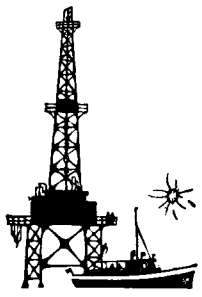
No one will know the decision for a while yet, but certainly no one who covered Gettysburg can have any doubt that if the decision is affirmative, the groundwork for its acceptance has been most carefully laid.

There is much evidence to indicate that in all these preparations the staff has had, and very clearly will continue to have, the full and willing co-operation of the man whose decision it will be.

Battle Royal for Oil: The California Tidelands

HALE CHAMPION

FOR THE RESIDENTS of Long Beach, California, May 22, 1953, was a day of civic self-satisfaction. President Eisenhower had just signed what is somewhat inaccurately known as the Tidelands Oil Act, a measure effectively relinquishing all Federal claims to the submerged lands "within the historic boundaries" of the coastal states. It was a complex piece of legislation, reflecting complex and bitterly contested legal and political arguments, but to most of the three hundred thousand citizens of Long Beach its meaning was simple and wonderful: The city was almost as rich as the Aga Khan.



It is estimated that the oil reserves in the submerged lands within the "historic boundary" of the State of California—a minimum of three miles seaward from the shoreline at low tide—are worth more than $10 billion at current prices. About a fifth of this total, or roughly $2 billion worth, lies under submerged lands granted to Long Beach in 1911 for what seemed then their only possible use: harbor development. After the discovery of the great oil pool under the harbor many years later, the state supreme court of California ruled that the 1911 grant included mineral rights because it hadn't excluded them. In 1951, the state legislature went even further, giving the city permission to spend oil and gas revenues for capital improvements other than harbor development. What could be more natural, then, than to assume that the new Congressional action had removed any doubt concerning the city's title to the potential two billion? What question could there be that as a result of the decision Long Beach was about to

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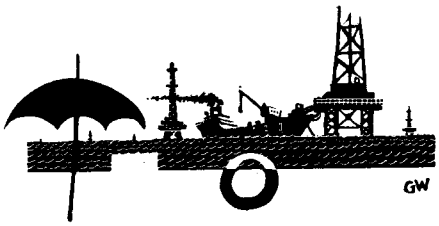
enter upon an almost taxless municipal millennium?

WELL, somewhere mayors are smiling, and somewhere councilmen shout, but there is no joy in Long Beach. A surprise ruling of the state supreme court early last spring took away fifty per cent of the oil wealth and all of the accompanying dry-gas revenues. And state legislators have been threatening to



take what remains. The state and Long Beach—happy, hand-holding partners when they trooped to Washington with the big oil companies to fight the Federal "grab"—are now glaring at each other over Long Beach newspaper headlines about the state "grab."

Long Beach officials and lobbyists with good memories have still further reason to be bitter when they ponder this year's curious events. They cannot help recalling what might have been had they taken a different stand during the battle against the Federal "grab." Time and again they were informed that if Long Beach would abandon its well-financed battle in behalf of state ownership of the tidelands, its own gas and oil wealth would be protected. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, the Wyoming Democrat who was then Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, publicly offered legislation exempting bays, harbors, inland waterways, and similar areas from Federal claims. At a public hearing in February, 1951, O'Mahoney specifically outlined how the Federal government could guarantee that Long Beach would have perpetual ownership of the oil wealth under its harbor floor. Then he gently tossed out a suggestive and prophetic question:

"You have no reason," he asked, "to apprehend that the State of California would attempt to exercise any authority that it does not now exercise with respect to the operation of lands that are clearly the property of Long Beach?"

"No," flatly declared Irving Smith, then the city attorney of Long Beach.

Smith is now dead, a suicide some time after he was turned out of office in one of the city's almost invariably oil-smeared elections, but a lot of others remember his answer well because it was their answer too at the time. When asked why they turned down the Federal offer, their answers tend at first to be incoherent, making frequent use of the word "principle." As candor comes to the fore, however, it develops that the Long Beach spokesmen agreed with the major oil companies that it is always easier to strike an advantageous bargain with a state government than with the Federal government. Certainly their experience prior to 1951 justified such an opinion.

The State's Ingratitude

All this is not meant to indicate that Long Beach is now in a condition of dazed and repentant resignation. The city's leaders feel that they have been done a great wrong that must somehow be righted. The more sophisticated among them know that the situation is bad but are united in the hope that some substantial portion of their oil and gas wealth can be salvaged through an early compromise with the state.

The Long Beach sales brief has some persuasive points. It begins with a statement of the state's ingratitude for the city's loyalty in the Federal-state dispute. Documentary proof is offered, including a January, 1953, report of the state senate's interim committee on tidelands, which declares in part: "Following a conference, the Long Beach Harbor Commission retained Washington public relations counsel and embarked on an extensive program for national dissemination of information which strengthened the position of the State immeasurably. The committee has enjoyed the closest co-operation from Long Beach in connection with this program, and wishes to express appreciation to the farsighted leaders of that community who have done so much in this crucial battle."

From this claim on the state's gratitude, the Long Beach people proceed to argue that the state is now doing exactly what the state successfully contended the Federal government should not do. In both cases, they declare, what is really involved is outright confiscation, however it may be disguised in legalisms. Here is how Robert Irvin, director of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce, put it to a legislative committee earlier this year:

"It is said that history repeats itself. Some of the events, charges, and publicity that have surrounded AB 3762 [a 'take-everything-from-Long-Beach' measure that didn't pass the state legislature this year, but is still a very real threat] are strangely similar to those that surrounded Federal efforts to seize California's tidelands. Both moves were prompted by the same thing—the desire to take control of vast tideland oil resources and huge quantities of money.

"The Federal grab was promoted as being 'for the good of all the people' and so is AB 3762. California was mercilessly portrayed as a greedy selfish State and now Long Beach is suffering similar abuse. Every emotional appeal conceivable was used to gain support for the Federal grab. The same thing is being done now to help confiscate Long Beach's tideland revenues . . ."

What Irvin did not go on to say is that Long Beach is fighting back with exactly the same scare techniques that California, Louisiana, and Texas used to persuade the rest of the states to join in their

battle. These three states with oil riches at stake argued that if the Federal government won, the precedent could and would be used to take over lands under inland waters, including immensely valuable port installations and portions of cities built on reclaimed lands. The advocates of Federal ownership not only disavowed any intention of such

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wholesale land grabbing but offered legislation to prove that they meant it. Such declarations of good faith did them no good. Long Beach, having been a party to this successful maneuver, remembered the lesson well. It has now persuaded many California cities that if the state can effectively revoke its grant of the Long Beach harbor area, it may well be able to revoke a lot of other grants up and down the coast. The advocates of state ownership are now making their disclaimers in turn, hoping they will fare better than their Federal counterparts.

BUT PERHAPS Long Beach's most telling argument is put in the form of a question. If the state succeeds in doing what the Federal government failed to do, it asks, why shouldn't the Federal government take heart and try again? There are those outside Long Beach who share this fear. No less a personage than Senator William F. Knowland took time out from his duties as Senate Minority Leader last spring to wire a warning to the state legislature during a crucial moment in the debate on AB 3762. Endorsing the Long Beach theory, he observed, "It would be a tragic paradox if our state were now to furnish the blueprint for a second Federal assault on our sovereignty."

Knowland was well aware that there are several Democratic Senators who would be delighted to make another effort to lay Federal hands on the rich offshore oil reserves. Their proposal would probably be made in terms of Federal aid to schools or some similar project that would offer a possibility of achieving a working majority of Senators from the have-not states. If the city-state dispute goes on long enough—and the city is in a position to prolong it in the courts almost interminably—those Democrats just might succeed in opening the whole Federal-state question again.

Another thought that may have occurred to Knowland and other California political leaders of both parties is that Long Beach and its committed allies, including Los Angeles, can muster an important number of voters. It is noteworthy that Attorney General Edmund G. Brown, the state's No. 1 Democrat, kept himself at some distance from the vanguard in the litigation that led to this spring's court ruling which first breached the Long Beach defenses. He is now taking legal steps for compliance with the court ruling, but not even the hottest Long Beach partisan could accuse him of moving with dazzling speed in the matter.

A Matter of Arithmetic

With these arguments and political forces working for Long Beach, how did it get into its present predicament? And why is the city less than an even bet to get out with a compromise at all satisfactory to its leaders?

There is the usual complex of reasons, some more important, some less, but all interestingly illustrative of what goes on behind the bipartisan scenery of California's theatrical politics.

One can be put in the form of a simple exercise in arithmetic. Long Beach pioneered some of the toughest oil leases in the world, and has, for many years, been collecting an average of about sixty per cent of the net return from oil produced out of its properties. Thus, if Long Beach retains control of its offshore oil fields, it stands to realize at least sixty per cent of the income, the operating oil companies getting forty per cent or less. Using the rough $2-billion estimate (a very conservative one) of the value of the Long Beach reserves, that means the city would get $1.2 billion, the oil companies $800 million. Now the State of California, for reasons that have never been very vigorously examined in public, has been content with about twenty-five per cent of the net return in the leasing of its tidelands properties. Even the other "proved" areas being opened up for exploitation elsewhere along the coast since the state won a clear title in 1953 are being leased on the same basis. This means that about seventy-five per cent goes to the oil companies.

If we apply those percentages to the $2 billion again, it looks as if the State of California would get $500 million and the oil companies $1.5 billion. The situation is, of course, not quite that simple. No situation involving oil ever is. There are existing Long Beach leases on some of the reserves which the state would presumably honor. But all new leases would be under state regulations and percentages. And when the old Long Beach leases ran out, the oil industry would at long last be rid of the onerous Long Beach percentages that have cost them dear when cited at lease-bargaining tables around the globe. It hardly seems necessary to suggest whom most of the oil companies would prefer as landlord in the Long Beach harbor.

Oil-industry preference is at least as important in California's government as it is in Washington. Translated, this means that the oil industry's wishes are often controlling. The only explanation offered for the state's lower revenue percentages is that the state has always believed in encouraging private enterprise to the *n*th degree. Certain provisions in the leasing laws would seem to indicate further that the state has a curious preference for encouraging private enterprise that is already well heeled.

A COMPARISON of the Long Beach and state bidding systems illustrates this point. The Long Beach lease bid requires only that interested parties specify what percentage of revenue will be paid to the city in royalties if drilling on the property involved is successful. In some instances the resulting royalties to Long Beach have gone above eighty-five per cent. The state takes a very different approach, setting one sliding scale of royalties for all bidders by law. The only competitive factor in state bidding is a so-called bonus, and the bidder offering the highest bonus gets the lease. If no oil is found on the property thus leased, the bidder is out the amount of the bonus anyway. If, however, oil is found, he need pay only the state's modest royalty scale, ranging upward from 16 2/3 per cent depending on the volume of production. And the producer, not the state,

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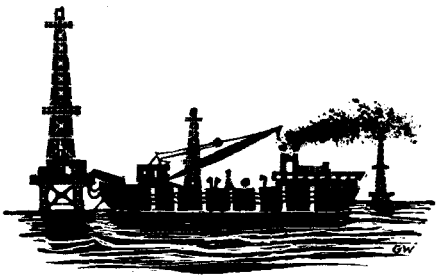
makes all decisions about the volume of production.

Under bonus bidding, the wildcatters and small independents, who would be happy to pay large royalties, lose out before a well is ever drilled. They just cannot afford to meet the bonus bids of the titans, subsidiaries of titans, and combinations of subsidiaries of titans. The last leases issued by the state, covering a "proved" area of 3,282 acres off Huntington Beach, brought total cash bonuses of $5,183,842—too much for the small operators. For the big oil companies, the situation is very different. Even if they should realize nothing from these bonus payments—and that is not likely—they would be able to absorb the loss without undue suffering by dipping into their profits from producing wells on other state-owned lands, profits made ample by the state's low royalty demands.



Allen Wants All of It

There are other strong forces working against the city. California, like almost all other states, is chronically in need of money. It isn't running at a deficit, but it is having a tough time financing much-needed long-term improvement programs. The principal reason, of course, is that California, more than any other state, keeps growing out of everything from schools to water supply at a fantastic rate. Its population is now 12,500,000, about 3,000,000 more than it was at the end of the Second World War, and it is still spurting upward. Long Beach wants money for recreational facilities, but the state wants money for necessities. It is natural then that the state should look longingly in the direction of Long Beach.

There is even more at stake than $2 billion in the future; there is a lot of hard cash on hand right now, royalties that were first impounded in 1947 during the Federal-state controversy and are continuing to pile up until the state supreme court's ruling can be applied to their distribution. Assemblyman Bruce R. Allen, a tart-tongued San Jose Republican who has been the principal legislative spokesman for those who want to take over the Long Beach treasure *in toto,* estimates that there is about $200 million available immediately. Of that, he figures, $130 million is already due the state as a result of the court ruling. The other $70 million he proposes to take by legislation, refunding perhaps a few million for harbor purposes. The total amount to be thus acquired by the state, he argues, is enough for a down payment on construction of a comprehensive state water program, California's most urgent need.

Allen's idea has gotten plenty of support from every thirsty part of a thirsty state. It also has strong appeal for those who want early state action in order to keep future Federal water and power development to a minimum in California. There are, of course, many other forces of widely varying importance that are indifferent to the legal issues in the Long Beach affair but favor the Allen position as the only one that could conceivably better the prospects for financing their pet projects. With that much more money available, they figure, schools, prisons, state institutions, child-care centers, beaches, parks, old-age assistance, harbors, and a lot of less worthy governmental whatnots may benefit. There are always taxpayer groups to consider too.

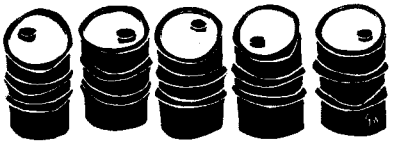
Surprisingly, however, the most vocal support for the Allen position to date has come from a party with a very different kind of interest in the affairs of Long Beach. After months of secrecy and mystery, it was disclosed in October that Allen's "public relations" assistance was being financed by the Southern California Gas Company. Through subsidy of a new organization bearing the wonderfully meaningless title of the California Tidelands Protective Association, S.C.G. not only contributed to a "write your legislator" campaign in behalf of the Allen bill but even provided the material used in its drafting. The Association was also deeply involved in the astute legal maneuvering that culminated in the all-important state supreme court ruling last spring.

Southern California Gas had reasoned that if Long Beach lost all its oil and gas revenues, its heretofore attractively low tax and gas rates would shoot up. The mushrooming adjacent population areas, now served by Southern California Gas, would resist annexation by the city and thereby "save" both company customers and company facilities that might otherwise be taken over by the municipal system of Long Beach in the process of annexation. The Long Beach papers are now engaged in using this disclosure by S.C.G.—forced by the newspapers themselves, incidentally—in a bristling counter-campaign to discredit the Allen bill.

An Expensive Lesson

While this manipulating of public opinion has been producing most of the noise recently, the basic legal situation has remained unchanged. The state supreme court's ruling against Long Beach is now back before the lower courts for execution. The state attorney general has intervened in order to protect the funds due the state under the ruling, and the city continues to jockey for legal position, holding in readiness a number of legal delaying actions to be used when and if necessary. A legislative interim committee is studying the situation to see whether it should approve Allen's proposal or something like it at the 1956 session. And Long Beach leaders are busy trying to reach a compromise among themselves about what compromise they should attempt to work out with the state.

What the end will be, and when and how it will come, the available facts do not reveal. Nor do they add up to a good old-fashioned resounding moral. At best they offer a slightly used irony which the citizens of Long Beach may not find worth a $2-billion price tag.



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The Journal of a Writer With a Hole in One Sock

A Short Story

JOHN CHEEVER

I AM A WRITER. My agent tells me that this is an unpopular truth and that I should keep it under my hat. For years I have attributed my perceptions, sentiments, and conjectures to imaginary elevator men, lost children, nuns, hardened gamblers, tarts, and others, but this morning, when the monotonous rain seems to be falling straight from the gray skies of my childhood, I will make them the skies of my childhood for once. I have no taste for disguise, and while I can see that a writer sometimes has the status of a stagehand, I think that these concealments and imposturings can be exaggerated. A young woman writer, let's say, traveling between Salt Lake and Los Angeles, falls in love with another traveler. When the time comes for her to write her story she will disguise herself as a middle-aged spark-plug salesman going to his mother's funeral. Who is deceived? We see how clumsily she has stuffed her long hair up under a felt hat. She has not been able to conceal her sensitive features or the fact that she doesn't know one end of a spark plug from the other. I think she has wasted her powers of description and her time. I have been a soldier, a boatman, and a clerk, and I have thought along the lines of these occupations when they were mine. Now I am a writer and it is apparent in my mail, in my habits of thought, in the tennis sneakers I am wearing on this cold autumn day—even in the hole in my sock.

I am writing this in the suburb of X in the county of Y in what was once the tool shop or Petit Trianon of a millionaire. This good man began life as a machinist and, after his retirement, had a tool or machine shop built on one corner of his estate where he could amuse himself with lathes. The lathes were sold after his death and the place was turned into a guesthouse, which we rent from the chatelaine. The drains are often clogged, the heating plant is infirm, and the roof leaks, and because of these considerations we pay a modest rent. We have the pleasures of fine lawns and great trees and are established inexpensively in the bosom of a wealthy community with excellent public schools. In the bosom, I say, but this isn't so. I don't pay taxes, belong to the country club, or ride the commuting trains. I am, perforce, an outsider. I write stories that imply a considerable familiarity with the social axis of the place, but between you and me I haven't been inside the country club more than a dozen times.

Found: One Patron

These living arrangements are common enough. My friend P, the historical novelist, lives in a chauffeur's apartment in Greenwich. The poet K lives in a gatehouse in Mount Kisco. I must know a dozen people of aesthetic persuasions who live in stables and gardeners' cottages. There may be a hint of patronage in these arrangements, and there would be nothing wrong with that. The thought of a patron has often crossed my mind and I am not ashamed to say that I once tried to cultivate such a relationship. This was with a very rich man named Russell Berryman whom I met in the Army. It is unlikely that I would have met such a rich man anywhere else. We were companions in the Army, where Russell appeared to be retiring and poor. Then some time after the war, when I was living with my family in Manhattan, Russell telephoned and asked me to have lunch with him.

His office was in Rockefeller Center, listed as the Russell Berryman Foundation. In the brightly lighted outer office there were three or four men waiting. They all carried briefcases and seemed anxious about the crease in their trousers and the knots in their ties, but they all lacked the heartiness of salesmanship. The receptionist took me into a further office where my friend was waiting. We had not met then for over a year and I was very pleased to see him. While we walked up Fifth Avenue he explained his position in life. His grandfather had left him a large sum of money. "I feel a responsibility to Grandfather," he said, "and I've organized the trust in his memory. I'm the only contributor. I've set a small trust aside for myself and my wife, and I intend to administer the rest of the income in a way that will assist education, the creative arts, all the things that Grandfather would have been interested in if he had had the time." He said that he had read some stories of mine and wanted my opinion on the advisability of helping writers.

This was the first time that I had ever been face to face with such largess and I piously gave him the names of two friends who needed help. I was thinking principally of my own case but I kept quiet about this. After luncheon I telephoned the friends whose names I had given to Russell. This was a mistake: He never got in touch with them. Walking back to his office after lunch, I asked him what grants the foundation had made and discovered that, although he had been in operation for a year, he had not yet parted with a nickel.

I saw a lot of Russell that fall and winter—ostensibly to discuss the general problem of philanthropy, with a good many broad hints at my own problems. I wanted to write a long book that no one was willing to finance, and there were times

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when Russell and I seemed made for one another. He was rich. Richness influenced every part of his life. It was a kind of richness that I have never seen outside the City of New York. Returning to Manhattan sometimes after a long absence, I am reminded of the Berrymans by the women in blond furs on Park Avenue, the dogs, and the doormen. In the meantime I had met Mrs. Berryman and had dinner at their apartment several times. I had given Russell an outline of my book and he had assured me that he meant to help. One afternoon in October or November, Lucia called and told me to hurry over to their place. "Russell has *got* to see you," she said. I walked across town to their apartment a little before dark.

MY KEENEST recollections of New York have to do with my children. Moving as I do from neighborhood to neighborhood and knowing and liking many people in the city, there is almost no street in Manhattan I can walk on today without being met by the statuary of my past. I remember going to work, going to parties, going to visit friends in trouble, going to the drugstore to buy medicine, but none of this is as clear or as deep as the recollections I have of walking with my children.

On Sundays our destination was either the river or the zoo, and on weekdays when the children were good enough to be rewarded they would be taken to a Japanese store on Fifty-ninth Street to spend their change. This was always late in the day and often in the winter. Most offices were shut or closing, and the crowds on the sidewalk were mostly going east and going home. The Nedick's stand on the corner was brightly lighted and so were all the other stores—the watch-repair place, the Italian grocer, the cheap furniture store and the butcher, and all these lights generated in the cold the vitality of a human festival. Business at the Japanese store was never very brisk and the place had a cleanly smell like a laundry. The boxes in which a coin vanishes magically, the rubber spiders and water flowers that the children bought were linked to my earliest memories of childhood, and the vitality of the double line of lighted store fronts seemed linked to some even earlier memory. I walked past the Japanese store and through this festival to the Berrymans' that night.

Dr. Parminter and Boris

They lived then on Park Avenue. Upstairs a butler let me in. He read the Bloomingdale label in my hat and coat before he hung them up. Some interior decorator had put a sumptuous and impersonal fix on the place. Lucia Berryman and her sister Mrs. Giacomo were in the living room where a fire was burning. Mrs. Giacomo was a dark-haired woman whose husband was on the police force. She came to visit her sister once a month and took away Lucia's discarded finery. They had settled on this by the time I arrived. Mrs. Giacomo was sitting beside a pile of hat and suit boxes.

God knows how old Lucia Berryman was. Her hair was curled and burnished to the color of light mink. She had small hands, small feet, a pretty figure, and a harsh voice. Her temperament was gentle and prosaic. Most of her friends seemed to come from the theater and she had several times—cheerfully—offered to act as a procuress for me. She spoke of sexual passion in the same prosaic terms she used for hygiene. Hygiene often entered her conversation, but the bulk of it dealt with clothes and we won't go into that here. She had been poor; she was rich. She could be shrewish in defining her new position and once, when we had gone to the Plaza for dinner, she gave the captain hell for seating us at a table where the cloth had been darned.

"Russell has got to see you," she told me on that particular afternoon. "He's in there with his analyst but he'll be out in a little while. If you want to hear him you can," she said. She went to the library door and listened at the crack. "He's talking about food," she said. "That's mostly what he talks about. Dr. Parminter keeps asking him to try and remember things but all he can remember is things he ate." Then she tripped back across the room, sat on the arm of my chair, and kissed me. "You look so cute in a blue shirt, sweetie," she said. Everybody was sweetie, everybody was nifty, everybody was a cute kid. Even Jules Brulatour and Hope Hampton were cute kids; even Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Well I guess I'd better go," Mrs. Giacomo said. She put her hands on the arms of her chair and started to get up but this was as far as she got. She lived with the patrolman and her four children somewhere in Brooklyn and the thought of her trip or her destination seemed to attack her resolve. But she got to her feet when she heard some movement behind the library door. "I guess I'd better get a move on before he comes out and finds me with

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the loot," she whispered. She gathered up her boxes and Lucia walked her out to the elevator. I asked the butler to get me a drink, which he did. The library door opened and I could hear Dr. Parminter saying good-by to Russell. He crossed the living room as Lucia returned. "We're making progress, we're making progress," he said mournfully. He nodded sadly in my direction and went out the door. "He's such a *cute* kid," Lucia said. "I guess you can go and see Russell now."

ALTHOUGH Russell was not in business, he liked the atmosphere of an interview. He sat at a large desk in his library and gestured to a chair on the other side of the desk. "I've read your outline," he said. "I was thinking about you last night and I've come to a decision. You're a writer and I think some of the things you've written have been quite interesting and yet you're not successful. Very few people know your name. I was wondering why you seem to be such a failure and it came to me that you're never seen anywhere. You never go to good restaurants, you never go to opening nights at the theater, you never go to places where you'll be seen. I think you ought to go out more, I think you ought to be seen. I know that you don't go to expensive restaurants because you can't afford them and I'd like to help you. I'll arrange, if you're interested, to open charge accounts."

I suppose that I was sore because he hadn't mentioned the brilliance of my outline. I didn't admire, until later, how succinctly he had brought out the differences in our point of view. I thanked him—morosely, I suppose—but what good was a charge account at Le Pavillon for a man with a hole in his sock? He asked me to stay for a drink but I said it was late and we went together into the living room. "You can't go until you've seen Boris," Lucia said.

"Who's Boris?"

"He's my Russian friend," she said. "Wait a minute."

She came back into the room wearing what I guess was a sable coat. "Isn't he beautiful?" she asked. "Isn't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw? I picked every skin by hand and I've had my name put on every one of them. He's been photographed in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue,* and Revillon wanted to put him in their window but I wouldn't let them. Oh Boris, Boris! When I put on Boris and walk down

Fifth Avenue I'm just about the happiest woman in the world. He just makes me feel so good. I mean I feel young and pretty and rich and dated up solid for weeks and just everything. He makes me feel so good."

HE DID, too; you could see that. Her happiness was infectious and even my wounded feelings seemed to improve. Naturally I didn't see as much of the Berrymans after this clarification in our relationship but I still continued to see them now and then. I met Lucia one early evening in February, coming out of the St. Regis Hotel. It was a cold night and the excitement that the city seems to me to generate each winter season was at its height. The crowds on the street were richly dressed, excited, and happy, and there is nothing much in the neighborhood of the St. Regis that doesn't bear directly on pleasure. The cold was as exhilarating and the stars as bright as on any skating pond of my youth. We embraced and Lucia gave me a prosaic kiss and said sadly, "I've lost Boris." She took both of my hands in hers and looked sidewise into the gay crowd. "We went down to Miami ten days ago and I took him with me. I shouldn't of. It was terribly hot. The first night we went out to a night club to see this show. It was a waste of time. I've asked myself a hundred times why I ever went to that night club. The air-conditioning machinery was broken down and everybody was perspiring. I didn't enjoy a minute of it. When we got back we found that someone had broken into our rooms. They stole Boris. He was insured, of course, but what good does that do me? They'll never be another coat like him." I asked her to have a drink with me but she didn't have the time and so we kissed good-by—the unhappy princess and the writer with a hole in one sock.

Writing a Play

The occupational hazards of writing, like those of night work and travel, have a profound effect on the emotional life. My first marriage suffered as much from literary ambitions as anything else. My wife was named Mary Lou, and she was a beauty—an authenticated beauty who had worked as a photographer's model. Her mother was a power in the millinery and gift-shop aristocracy of upper Madison Avenue and they both spoke in the deep Georgia accents of Their Plantation. This was a real Plantation and not a fantasy as you might suspect. I had been there. It stood for a way of life that they had every reason to remember vividly. Mary Lou was a high-spirited girl with the go-to-hell airs of the middle 1930's and many poignant and loving traits. When we had been married for about six months we reached a decision. I was wasting my time at a job. I wanted to be a writer. Why shouldn't I be a writer? She would find a job and support me while I finished the play I had been writing on weekends. I could repay the money when the play was produced. I could see that there were some hazards in this arrangement, but it seemed to me that in the progress of every love affair, blooming like the rose, there are hazards and that it is only intelligent to cope with them. All that Mary Lou wanted to express was her faith in my giftedness and in the giftedness of men in general. I gave up my job and she went to work.

I was happy to get along with the play, for to make a clear and sober record of what I experience and imagine is as strong in me as the need in some men to collect bits of old string or practice chip shots. Mary Lou put her wages in a joint checking account and we escaped any bad feeling about money. It seemed to make her happy to express her faith in me by taking a job:

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"Monkey's writing a play," she said proudly to everyone who might be interested and to many who were not.

My habits, I noticed, were undergoing a gradual reform. I had begun to do the shopping and wash the vegetables, and when I answered the doorbell (wearing an apron) and tried to put off the Fuller Brush man or a young woman with a soap sample, I had a painful feeling of dislocation. But the play went quickly, and when the second act was finished a producer took an option and paid me some money. I shouted out the news to Mary Lou when she came home from work but she wasn't excited. It didn't occur to me at the time that she took some pleasure in supporting me.

The news that I was writing a play excited in some people a sense of pity and responsibility. Soon after I had finished the second act an old friend telephoned and said that at long last he had found me a job. He asked me to lunch so that he could describe the benefits of the job he had found. He had pulled a lot of wires to get the job, and my refusal and particularly my reasons for it irritated him intensely. I could see his face form itself in an unhappy and perhaps final look of separation as if he could see me, while I drank my gin, slipping into that world inhabited by those queer men and women who are determined to forge an artistic career: those middle-aged messenger boys who are writing an epic poem about the death of innocence; those short-order cooks who are painting the fall of Rome; those lonely secretaries who slave all weekend over their reminiscences and short stories—that host of attic and cellar dwellers who are always "tied up" with some ephemeral project, always "too busy" to take the good jobs offered them by business friends; who handle their responsibilities toward the practical world poorly, scornfully, or not at all, and who seem—like drunkards on the downgrade—not to recognize their salvation and to perceive some destiny that has no bearing on their happiness or well-being. While we were eating lunch a man approached our table and my friend leaned toward me before he introduced us and said: "Don't tell him you're writing a play."

I was, though, and I was very happy, for the play let me feel that I was interpreting a passage in human relationships that had been chaotic and that this act of interpretation for myself and the other principles could only have constructive results. But Mary Lou was tired when she got home that night. She asked if I was going to work. I said that I wanted to. She asked if I minded if she went out to dinner.

"With a man from the office?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a man?"

"I don't know," she said.

"I'll cook dinner," I said.

"All right," she said. "I'll take a bath."

But when I put on the apron and started traveling between the stove, the sink, and the icebox, my mood changed and I began to put on the forms, one after another, of every despicable male that has ever crossed my path. I don't like to cook. Everything that I cook tastes burned and unfresh. Mary Lou still seemed tired when she came to the table and I did not have enough cheer or love to lighten that apartment. Since I had begun working on a play my musical tastes had improved, and after dinner I played the first Rasomouvsky Quartet on the phonograph. When I called Mary Lou's attention to the beauty of the second movement I found that she was asleep.

After this Mary Lou began to buy clothes for me, although I neither wanted nor needed clothes. But neither of us seemed to understand the career of solicitude and independence that she had embarked on. Then she took a lover. The consequences of this were violent and sordid and I won't go into them here. I never saw her lover or even learned his name. Our marriage would have lasted, I think, if I had done my work and she had done hers, if I had brought home the bacon and she had peeled the potatoes. I don't see why office hours should tyrannize our most intimate relationships, but the truth of the matter is that it didn't do us any good to have her come home from a hard day's work and find me bent over the typewriter. And there was one more thing. "You have your play," Mary Lou said to me during one of our quarrels. "I don't have anything but you have your *play*." She always spoke as if the play were a wife and three children, a steady income, and a place in the sun.

Lights Out

The play was finished and cast in June, and I killed a lot of time hanging around the theater when rehearsals began. The director and I didn't see eye to eye, but the production costs were estimated at $150,000, and with a hole in one sock my aesthetic position was precarious. My expenses were paid for a week in Philadelphia where the play opened. I also went to the opening in New York.

The royalties from Philadelphia wouldn't have justified anything like a celebration, but I had to be careful not to open a vein of petulance and eat my supper in the Automat on opening night. I ate in a place in the Village called the Rochambeau and walked to the theater when the time came. It was a very windy night in the autumn—the kind of night that is exciting in New York even though you keep getting soot in your eyes. The play opened at the Fulton and when I turned the corner there was a string of taxis, and around the maw of the theater bloomed one of those lovely yellow caves of light. The play was terrible, and I watched the second and third acts from the back of the balcony. At the end I went backstage because this was my privilege, but there was no one there but the producer's assistant and a young actress who was buying the curtains off the set. The lights in the lobby and on the marquee were put out so swiftly that I had to struggle with my coatsleeves in the dark. There I stood in an empty street where whole sheets of the *Daily News* with their light

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freight of mayhem and scandal ballooned around the middle air between the dark buildings like the souls of our unborn children. I never went back to the apartment or anywhere else with Mary Lou.

The Banker's Father

I divorced her and got married again. We had two children and I was still living in Manhattan with my second wife when I was approached through a series of intermediaries and asked if I would write the biography of a banker's father. I will call the banker Mr. Guilfoyle. He was a successful investment banker who had succeeded in avoiding publicity. His picture had never appeared in the newspaper, etc. He had recently changed his tack and had begun to live publicly. He was angling, someone said, for an ambassadorial post. He lived in a Hudson River castle north of Peekskill and I went there to be interviewed.

He was a bullet-headed man of around sixty, I should say, with bulbous features and charming eyes. He seemed to exhale a wholesome atmosphere of requited ambition. His mind was virile and elegant, but I think he had no imagination. The marbles in his garden all came from Carrara and San Vincenzo, but the statues were mostly of little children with pets. I don't mean this to seem critical or bizarre but only as a measure of his lack of depth in this one direction. In his belvedere there was a monumental representation of a marble child with three kittens and a ball of twine.

"I want you to write a biography of my father," he said. "As it happens, I don't know anything about my father. I never saw him and I don't know who he was, but a man in my position needs some background and that's what I'm paying you to give me."

I could see where bastardy—and this was what I guessed he was suffering from—might stand in the way of his getting an ambassadorship, and I said that I would try. I was to be given a room in the castle and I could go down to New York on weekends. We had a second interview and I outlined my ideas for him. The father I would manufacture would be a Yankee minister—wiry, blue-eyed, pious—raised in Newburyport and educated for the clergy in Boston. He would accept a call in China and his son would be born in the mission compound at Nanking. His son would be educated in the United States but the Reverend and his wife would remain in the Orient and be massacred by the Communists.

I hadn't finished my outline before Mr. Guilfoyle turned to me eagerly as if there was some reality to this imaginary parent. We were in his study in the castle, and when I spoke of the fictitious old man he seemed to experience some emotional relief. He left the castle the next

day and I began my work. The Reverend's boyhood in Newburyport was easy to imagine, and when they came to enter him in divinity school I found in the Peekskill library many books of biography and reminiscence dealing with the ministry. It was easy enough to piece together a background and imagine events to fill it. The missionary compound was even more richly documented and his years in China were the easiest to write. In a secondhand bookstore in New York one afternoon I found an old photograph of a handsome man with a clerical collar riding in a rickshaw, and I bought this for a frontispiece.

THE BOOK was nearly done by spring, and I was pleased to think of ending my life there, pleased with the money I had in the bank, pleased with having completed something I had begun, and pleased with a sense of accomplishment that was more than this, for the one thing that the Guilfoyle castle lacked was the ghost or at least the memory of a substantial male parent. The lack was in the air of the house and gardens, for while they were real enough, and while the intelligence that had made the money to buy them was real enough, they seemed to possess no secure place in time, as if Mr. Guilfoyle might be defeated in his exertions by the fact of bastardy. But if it is a corollary of our complex lives that we must be made by wise and loving people to the music of fountains, it is a flimsy one. Copies of *The Yankee Minister* could be put on the guest-room table so that people, asking themselves where Mr. Guilfoyle's wealth and acumen originated, could content themselves with the image of a Yankee minister. "He's the son of a poor missionary," people could say behind his back. It would be better than nothing. "He was born in China. . . ." It seemed to me that the legend would add some beauty to Mr. Guilfoyle's house and gardens and improve his reality.

This was in the spring, as I say, and I was taking a walk one night after dinner. Way past the flower gardens and the greenhouse were a vegetable garden and a second greenhouse that was no longer used. I had never been there. There was a cottage or shed at the end of this greenhouse, and I saw smoke rising from the chimney that evening. I wondered if the gardeners were using the old greenhouse for vegetable sets and I went down to see. They were using it, but not for growing. It was a storeroom or dump for scraps of chicken wire, house plants, lumber, and dried herbs.

I had turned to go when I heard someone calling after me, "What's your hurry, Sonny Jim, what's your hurry?" I saw an old man standing in the door to the cottage or shed that was attached to the greenhouse. He was bent. His coat-sweater was buttoned crookedly, and his trousers weren't buttoned at all. His cigarette was brown with spit. "Don't be afraid of me, don't be afraid of old Popsy," he called, kindly, I suppose, but the blue of his eyes was so faded that I felt uneasy. "Come in, Sonny Jim," he called, "come in and drink a little Kentucky courage with an old man." Stooped and duck-

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footed, he paddled into the cottage at the end of the greenhouse and I followed him into a small room furnished with broken and dirty chairs and tables. In the city sometimes, looking for ice or firewood or coal or a lost child, you will go down some steep areaway stairs into an old man's lair pasted with pictures of girls. It was like this. The smell was terrible. It was not the staleness of the air itself that was oppressive; it was the stink of an eclipsed sensual life, that point in senescence where everything—the girls and the blue sky—that had been a glad summons is turned into a burden. He poured some whiskey into two glasses and I sat down on a box.

"You work up at the big house, Sonny Jim?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He's a hard taskmaster."

"I haven't anything to complain about."

"Well you're the only one. They tell me he's a regular Pharaoh."

"Happy days," I said.

"Happy days, Sonny Jim."

"Do you work for him?" I asked.

"Oh, the stories I could tell you."

"What stories?"

"Stories about his miserliness. Even when he wants to be charitable he don't have it in him. Last year, for business reasons, of course, he invited a bunch of poor kids out here for the day. They come out in busses. There's more than a hundred of them. Well, they have their little picnic and they play their little games, and when it comes time for them to go home they're all made to line up by the main gate and have their ragged little figures be frisked by a couple of Pinkerton men to make sure they'd none of them stolen one of his dirty butter knives or maybe picked a faded rose. The poor little kids!" The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"Do you work for him?" I asked.

"Work for him, Sonny Jim? I'm his father."

"How's that?"

"You want to know the naked truth? Oh I'll tell you. He tried to kill me, Sonny Jim. He's a parricide. It was three years ago. October 17. I was living up to the big house then and I spend the evening down in Peekskill drinking a little with some old cronies. I come home at about midnight but I have this terrible thirst and my own bottle's empty so I go to that big cabinet in the alcove off the library where he keeps his stuff. It's a world-famous antique, this old cabinet, but I'm his only, only father, and on Judgment Day, Sonny Jim, which will weigh heavier in God's scales—a stick of furniture or the bones of a kindly old man? Well this cabinet is locked so I pick up one of them ornamental knives and smash in the door. I've got the doors broken and am drinking my drink when he appears in his silken night robe and all. He's angry, Sonny Jim, he's sick with anger when he sees me and he takes this knife and drives it into my old shoulder. The pain!" the old man began to cry again. "They took five stitches there and my life hung by a thread. After that I moved down here. Parricide!"

I GOT OUT of there as soon as I could, and walked back toward the castle past the monument of the little girl and her kittens. For my purposes there was no point in looking any deeper into the ugly picture that the old man had presented—and into what was true and false about it—but the morality of my fictitious and reverend Yankee seemed open to question. It was a

palliative—I had seen that in Guilfoyle's face when I told him that his father had been a dedicated clergyman. One of the uses of fiction is palliative, but you can say the same sometimes about bourbon whiskey and love. The soft curtain of light in which the evening star had just then appeared was, I knew, an illusion of gas and dust, and although the moon at my back was uninhabitable and scarified with calcium, its lights and craters excited in me only cheerful feelings of tenderness and love. It was perhaps because the Reverend Guilfoyle was nearly finished—he would be massacred by the Communists in a day or so—that the question of his morality, presented on a spring evening, did not seem grave after all. And when the book was published with its phony frontispiece it was reviewed cordially and sold a few hundred copies. I saw old Mr. Guilfoyle at the opening day of the spring meeting at Jamaica. He was buying fifty-dollar win tickets and drinking Jack Daniels, and with a cold wind tearing at the clubhouse hydrangeas—those shipboard plants—and the band playing "Mavourneen, Mavourneen," where could he have been happier?

An Armful of Knives

Now it is five o'clock. I know as much because my wife has just called to me and asked me to fix the drain in the kitchen. She would not have asked me sooner. The sky has cleared, and the last of the sun comes in at my window. The air smells of the fragrance and the rankness in the garden and the darker odors of the woods and the river near here, and my children are holding races on the grass.

In the face of this lightness and calmness my deep training in calumny—that armful of knives, pikestaves, umbrellas, baseball bats, and rifles that I carry over from French realism—seems to slide to the floor. The sound of these voices—my wife's and the children's—thrills me with a feeling of love that is mysterious and deep, and the beauty of the late afternoon appears with an extraordinary intactness—a lack of reflection—as, when we are walking on a beach, we are moved to pick up a worn shell gleaming with calcium and admire its form. So the afternoon, the hour, seems like a seashell. Presently it will seem like something else—a nave or a dungeon, and then—there are some dark clouds in the west—like something else again.

But hearing my wife and watching the children on the grass, I think that I have never written anything like this, about anything like this peace, and then I put the cover on the typewriter and I think that I will do this tomorrow; I will do something like this tomorrow.

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Three Playwrights Compliment Their Audiences

MARYA MANNES

THAT RARE and not invariably appreciated commodity, the cultivated mind, is responsible for three of the best plays in a Broadway season remarkable for its vitality: *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *The Lark*, and *The Chalk Garden*. The mind is in each case European: that of Anne herself, the Jewish girl in Holland; that of Jean Anouilh, the French playwright; that of Enid Bagnold, the English writer. In the first two plays, American intelligence played a valuable but a supporting role. The Hacketts, Frances and Albert, did a superb job of making a play out of a diary without losing the essence of the girl who wrote it and of the times that killed her. Lillian Hellman did a superb job of bringing Anouilh down to French and American earth, and his language to a rhythm, a sharpness, almost a ferocity, that only a tough and uncommon stage craftsman could achieve. Enid Bagnold needed no help.

Yet the joy of all three plays, diverse as they are, is that elixir of intelligence, cultivation. This is a living and interreacting equation of education and sensibility, the one nourishing the other, their rate of growth constant. Cultivation implies also a third element or diversion: position. By that I mean the point at which a mind has arrived at choice; a commitment of view that is ageless since it can come intuitively, as in the case of the girl Anne, or rationally, after a sustained experience of thought.

Anne

It is precisely this quality in Anne and the remarkable Susan Strasberg who plays her that makes *The Diary of Anne Frank* far more exalting than harrowing. It irradiates the shabby attic where the doomed Franks hide for two anguished years from the Nazis as it irradiated the pages of the book. For this is not the adolescent female whom Americans have worshiped and suffered on stage, screen, and television for so long: chicken-headed, raucous, mooning, Hollywood-patterned, date-mad, unlettered, and presumably cute. This is a girl of genuine precocity of mind and heart; of iridescent feeling, humor, gallantry, love. Under the daily tutelage of her wise father, Anne has learned a great deal. Books have virtually had to substitute for life, and she is the better for it; even the better for her imprisonment. For all her latent senses, like those of the blind, have flowered. She knows more of the world and of love than a legion of her free sisters, and she speaks of both with a poet's tongue. Withal she is blown by the gusts of adolescence like any other girl: moody, rebellious, mother-hating, a little hysterical, mischievous and often silly. What she never is is common; and so the play is never common, although its opportunities for pathos and melodrama are limitless.

Joan

This uncommonness, spiritual precocity, and courage are shared by another young virgin, far more famous: the girl and legend Joan of Arc. Yet the cultivation I speak of is in the mind of Anouilh and the instincts of Julie Harris, who in *The Lark*

have managed to give Joan and her trial still another plane, if not another dimension.

This may not be everybody's Joan. There is the inescapable comparison with Shaw's, his Maid being for many the truest image. But you think of Shaw's Joan only before and after seeing *The Lark*. During it you experience moments of the same exaltation that Anne gives you, and a sense of communicated passion that the best theater provides. I doubt if ever there was a Joan more lonely and vulnerable than the small tired boy body and hanging cropped head of Julie Harris slumped on her bench, or a Joan more possessed with the spunk of divine mandate than when she rallies her men for God and France. She retains always, thanks to Anouilh and Hellman, the gamin vitality and earthy shrewdness of the peasant until the moment of her collapse and recantation before Cauchon, where she is little more than alive, her will drugged by fatigue and rejection, her heart bereft of spiritual and temporal allies.

Only a cultivated mind could have produced a Cauchon so believably and painfully compassionate, played by Boris Karloff with entire understanding, or a Warwick so sardonic and realistic, played with brilliant economy by Christopher Plummer. Anouilh has made them all live, sharply and eloquently: the Inquisitor, damnation incarnate; Beaudricourt, oafish but penetrable; the Dauphin, perverse, infantile, astute; La Hire, Joan's soldier-protector, the rough face of love.

The legend is, of course, imperishable. But it demands of those who use it their highest powers of attention if it is not to be blurred and blunted. This the writers, the actors, and the producer have given *The Lark*.

Enid

Quite another species is *The Chalk Garden*. While the other two plays were directed equally at intelligence and emotion, Enid Bagnold has fashioned of hers an exercise of the intellect, pure but by no means simple. Since wit and intellect are married in the European mind (while here they are often estranged, intellect repudiating wit), the play is also extremely funny. Bagnold has assembled on the stage as outrageous a company of characters as the mind could conjure.

Yet they are not zany, like the cartoon cutouts that populate so many of our farce-comedies, put

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there for gags, their incongruities unrelated and rootless. The people in Bagnold's manor house are all there for a purpose, and their grotesqueries are notes in a tightly organized and highly contrapuntal fugue on the subject of reality. It takes a while for the ear to sort them out and discover the theme.

There is, for instance, Mrs. St. Maugham, a gracefully aging county lady who strides in and out with a wide garden hat, ropes of pearls, dragging hemlines, and mud-caked clodhoppers, obsessed with the state of her flowers. There is her granddaughter Laurel, a wily, precocious adolescent who lies pathologically but recognizes truth. There is the mysterious governess, Miss Madrigal, implacably wise about gardens and people, a woman who may or may not have committed a crime of passion. There is a tremulous butler, Maitland, who worships the certainty that eludes him. There are, finally, the old Judge, who admits fallibility, and the mother of Laurel, who knows love. Their roots are in earth, not chalk.

Even when you are not quite sure where it is leading, their conversation is exquisite, surely the wittiest and most pointed dialogue of the season. There is not a moment when the ear is not cocked for the next phrase, the mind tickled by innuendo and satire.

Possibly the ears and minds of critics who protest that they were bewildered by *The Chalk Garden* have been dulled by the explicit, our constant fare in all the media. Nothing in this play is explicit; all is implied. And this is a demanding form of art. Enid Bagnold is playing games of art. Enid Bagnold is playing games with her mind and ours; she pays us the compliment of assuming that ours too is cultivated.

Anne, Anouilh, and Bagnold have no need to proclaim their identities. They have the manners of intellectual and creative breeding.

The Divine Claudio: A Rescue from Oblivion

ROGER MAREN

When Claudio Monteverdi died in Venice on November 29, 1643, the event was of such importance that foreign ambassadors communicated the news to their governments. The Republic of Venice ordered funeral services to be performed in the magnificent Basilica of San Marco where Monteverdi had been Maestro di Cappella, and a few days later "With truly royal pomp a catafalque was erected in the Chiesa de Padri Minori de Frari, surrounded by so many candles that the church looked like a night sky luminous with stars." Almost all the musicians of Venice took part in honoring this man who, when alive, had been called "divine," "one of the first composers of the world," and the "prophet of music." Now, more than three hundred years later, writers of music history call him glorious, a visionary, the Aeschylus of music. He has been honored by at least seven books of biography, the latest of which—by Leo Schrade—is called *Monteverdi: Creator of Modern Music*. During the last concert season in New York, there were performances of his madrigals, his opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, and his *Vespers*. The record catalogues list twenty-four long-playing discs devoted to his music. It would seem reasonable to agree with the librettist who, in 1644, called Monteverdi "an artist of supreme glory whose name will live forever."

But in 1916, the learned musician Sir Hubert Parry had to admit to his colleagues of the Musical Association that discussion of Monteverdi could be little more than a discussion of his name. "There is not one man in a million," he remarked, "who has ever heard a single bar of his compositions." The fact is that from the end of the seventeenth to the beginning of the twentieth century, almost nothing of Monteverdi's music was remembered but a few titles. All its splendor, ardor, gaiety, and drama lay dormant in the scores gathering dust on library shelves.

Although this may seem an unusual situation, such oblivion was the fate of most composers prior to the eighteenth century. Even Bach, who died as late as 1750, was nearly forgotten soon after his death. Surrounded as we are today by monuments of the past, we are apt to forget that knowledge of old music—to say nothing of admiration—is a modern phenomenon. It is barely a hundred years old and developed during the later romantic movement—particularly in Germany. There had been musical historians before the nineteenth century, of course, but they were mostly concerned with contemporary examples of the art. Generally, people believed that music had progressed to its finest state in their own time, and that the art of the past consisted of crude preliminary steps not worthy of serious study. The romantic movement, however, developed an interest in remote, unknown, and early things. Scholars began to search libraries for old musical manuscripts, and their work pushed the period of musical prehistory farther and farther back.

Often, the impact of Darwinian ideas made the work a search for links in the evolutionary chain leading to the glories of Wagner, but a good deal of the new musical research was prompted by a romantic veneration of the past. The idea of a musical fall from grace became common. Great music of the past began to be revived in the concert hall, and performers depended less and less on their contemporary composers as more and more Old Masters were "discovered." Today, the major part of our concerts is devoted to old music. It dominates our musical culture, and we take its existence for granted. But without the

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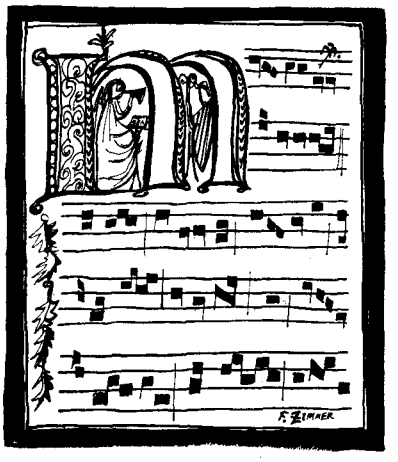
efforts of musical scholars during the past hundred years, most of this music would be either unknown or almost unplayable.

Treasure Hunt

The case of Monteverdi is typical in many ways. His music, scattered in various European libraries, was difficult to find: and although detective work unearthed a great deal of material, some thirteen operas, a Mass, and some madrigals are still missing. Even what was found was barely usable because most of it was in the form of part books. That is, for any piece or collection of pieces, each part—soprano, alto, tenor, bass, and each instrument—was printed in a separate volume. This common seventeenth-century practice was convenient for the performers but was a nuisance for the scholar years later, since his first job had to be the copying of parts in the form of a modern score. It was particularly irksome to find the tenor part of a piece in Bologna when the only extant soprano part was in Breslau, and though brave attempts were made, collation of this scattered material was too great a job for nineteenth-century scholars. Only photographic reproduction could make it feasible, and the complete edition of Monteverdi's extant work had to wait until use of this tool became practical.

The noted Italian composer Francesco Malipiero at last undertook the tremendous task, and his first volume appeared in 1926. Working patiently with photographs and originals, he completed the edition in sixteen volumes by 1942. Malipiero did much more than merely copy. His edition was an attempt to present a version of the music that would be intelligible to the modern performer. Seventeenth-century composers did not write down their music as we do. Obsolete time signatures, notes, and rhythmic indications all must be transcribed into modern notation before the music can make sense to a contemporary player. Although Malipiero's work grapples with these problems, some of the more thorny ones are avoided, and lapses from scholarly rigor mar the text. His edition is now regarded as a pioneer work needing emendation and correction.

BUT EVEN what might seem the simplest kind of emendation can be difficult. In order to discover the meaning of Monteverdi's obsolete time signatures, for example, one must look to the works of musical theorists of the seventeenth century. Unfortunately, the light cast by these theorists is often so dim that modern scholars disagree as to what they see by it and are often forced to guess. In one instance, eight scholars, baffled by problematic signatures, have each suggested a different rhythm for the same passage. Such matters are hardly picayune, as we can see by com-

paring two different interpretations of a time signature—one on the Vox recording of the *Ballo in Onore dell' Imperatore Ferdinand III*, the other on a Period record of the same piece. The tempo chosen for the singing on both records is about the same, but on the Vox disc the instrumental interludes are played three times as fast as the vocal sections. On the Period disc the conductor has a different interpretation of the time signature for the interludes, and he keeps the same tempo throughout. The owner of the Period disc would call the music grave, stately, and uniform; the owner of the Vox disc would probably feel it to be gay, festive, and full of contrast.

Interpreting the *Continuo*

Difficult and important as such problems in notation may be, they are by no means the most difficult that face the editor of a practical score.

Like all his contemporaries, Monteverdi used a musical shorthand called *basso continuo*. When writing the accompaniment to a solo or chorus, he would merely set down the bass notes with a few numbers placed below them indicating the proper chord to be played. Knowing the meaning of the numbers, the players in the orchestra (or else the harpsichordist) could supply the chords required. The tradition of playing from a *continuo* was so well known that the composer often could even omit the numbers and rely on the players to infer the proper chord from the context. Today, however, the tradition is dead and we must go to the old theoretical works to discover exactly how the *continuo* was played.

We learn that players did not merely outline chords, but often improvised around them much as jazz musicians do today. The big question is not what chords they played—on this scholars generally agree—but how far they went in their improvisation. Malipiero's "*continuo* realization" is undoubtedly too plain. We can hear it on the three beautifully played Period recordings of Monteverdi's work conducted by Angelo Ephrikian. Stately and full of grace as they are, the performances do not reflect the colorful elaboration in which Monteverdi's contemporaries probably indulged. A contrasting approach is to be found in Hans Redlich's edition of the *Vespers*, recorded by Vox. Tricky runs, coloristic devices, and solo flights by the gamba and trumpet make this an entirely different piece from the more cautious *Vespers* recorded by L'Oiseau-Lyre on the basis of an edition by Leo Schrade.

Both editors based their versions on the same original, but Redlich is a composer as well as a scholar, and perhaps his own creative imagination could not be restrained while in contact with such a brilliant spirit as Monteverdi. Even though Redlich goes too far, however, his arrangement has nowhere near the audacity to be found on another Vox recording—*Il Ballo delle Ingrate*. Roberto Lupi, on whose edition the performance is based, has interpreted "improvisation" as "composition" and has used Monteverdi's orchestral interludes as the basis for a theme and variations. At least ten minutes' worth of music on this disc is not to be found in the original.

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Color and Trills

Instrumental color poses another problem for researchers. Since the composer did not always specify the type of instrument to be used in a particular composition, scholars must again consult contemporary documents for evidence. When this is inconclusive, they are forced to rely either on good guessing or on personal taste, and, as before, they often produce surprisingly different versions of the same piece. The first number of the *Vespers* on L'Oiseau-Lyre has an entirely different effect from that on the Vox record because it uses full orchestra throughout whereas the Vox version employs interludes for brass alone. Of course one can avoid the whole problem and orchestrate a piece with little or no reference to seventeenth-century practice. The result might be something like the Vox *Ballo delle Ingrate*, which sounds about a hundred years wrong in style.

Still another problem is ornamentation. Contemporary documents tell us that instrumentalists and singers of Monteverdi's time were not content to perform a simple, unadorned melody. A composer expected his music to be graced with embellishments improvised by the performer, and rarely indicated them himself. Once again the scholar must come to the rescue. And, once again, the solutions are disputable. We know that a performance with *no* embellishments is stylistically incorrect, yet, since the tradition is dead, one can never be sure how heavily to encrust a piece with turns and runs. Most modern editors therefore use ornaments sparingly. It is probably the best course: nevertheless it would be interesting to hear a performance in the manner described by a critic some fifty years after Monteverdi's death. "The throat," he tells us, "is set going like a weathercock in a whirlwind, and the orchestra swears."

'Words Are Mistress'

Solution of these problems is influenced a great deal by our understanding of Monteverdi's expressive intent. We know, for example, that he was anything but an "abstract" composer. In a letter rejecting an opera libretto, he comments on the impossibility of expressing the characters, all of whom are personifications of winds. "How should I, dearest friend, imitate the speech of the winds if they do not speak, and how should I stir the emotions with them?" Other evidence can be found in the works themselves: In one of his madrigals he directs the first part to be sung in rigid time, but the second half to be performed "in a tempo guided by the emotions." And, in most cases, he chooses texts with a highly emotional content, setting them "to make the words mistress of the harmony, not the servant."

His madrigals are filled with adoration, unbounded sorrow, and death. His opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* is undoubtedly one of the

most lurid and sensual pieces ever written. But even in his religious works there is a very affecting element: The text of his Mass is set with such consideration for natural and expressive diction that the singers seem to be making a personal declaration. In the "Sancta Maria Ora pro Nobis"—to choose, at random, one piece from the *Vespers*—the singer repeats the supplication eleven times ("Holy Mary, Pray for us") while the orchestra plays worldly and festive dance music. As the piece progresses, the singer seems less and less able either to dominate or reconcile herself to the worldly splendor of the orchestra. Long rests punctuate the words, giving the impression of gasps or a breakdown. Then there is a pause, after which the singer and orchestra resume, both going with full force toward atonement on a final resounding chord.

MONTEVERDI could not keep all his works on this high level, of course. His desire to express every text by a musical equivalent or imitation often seems naïve. In *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e di Clorinda* he attempts a musical description of the fight between two characters in Tasso's poem. Whenever they clash, the accompanying orchestra scurries about wildly to express the fray. But we already have a good description of the scene in the text being sung by a narrator.

Obviously, this style is at its best when least redundant, as in the "Sancta Maria," or as in another of the *Vespers*—the "Audi Coelum." Yet Monteverdi's sense of form often saves even his most redundant pieces. An excellent demonstration of this can be found on the Westminster recording of madrigals by both Monteverdi and his contemporary Carlo Gesualdo. Comparing the two composers' work, we find that both believe in the possibility of making a detailed musical equivalent of a text. But Gesualdo attempts to give a musical parallel to almost every word, the result being a mass of expressive detail with little coherence. This rarely happens in the Monteverdi examples. Although he is willing to have the words be mistress, he is never seduced away from musical considerations. Formal balance is always evident. On the Vox recording of *Orfeo* not even the excessively slow performance can obscure a powerful architectural symmetry in all five acts.

Recreating the 'Colossal'

This formal coherence was only one necessary ingredient of a style meant to be rhetorical. Like most artists of his age, Monteverdi attempted to impress as well as move his audience. Much of his work is a musical counterpart of the gigantic paintings and monumental architecture of the seventeenth century. And this "colossal style," clearly evident in Monteverdi's music, comes through on some of the recordings of his larger works such as the *Magnificat*, the *Vespers*, and *Poppea*.

With its two organs and two choir stalls, the Cathedral of San Marco, where Monteverdi worked, offered not only large-scale performances but also what we today might call Stereophonic Sound. To bring alive such passion and magnificence in our own terms is not difficult. The real problem is to create an ef-

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fect similar to that produced in Monteverdi's own time. This is complicated, first of all, by the fact that the music we consider normal in style was written during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Other styles—both older and newer—are exceptional. Furthermore, recent manufacturers have altered the tone of almost every instrument to such an extent that even the symphonies of Beethoven as played in his time would sound odd to us. The musical sound we consider normal is that produced by instruments designed in the last fifty years, and what Monteverdi's contemporaries heard as normal, both in style and sound, would strike us as unusual and archaic. Such a discrepancy would surely affect emotional response.

ONE SCHOOL of editors—represented notably by Ottorino Respighi and Carl Orff, both composers—tries to avoid the difficulty by employing chords, counterpoint, and orchestral effects developed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Such modernization rarely proceeds from ignorance of scholarly findings. It results rather from the arranger's belief in artistic progress—a fallacy best expressed in such statements as "Monteverdi was an extremely progressive composer, searching for new harmonies and orchestral colors. If he had only known our twentieth-century techniques and instrumental possibilities, he would have used them." Maybe so. But he also might have rejected them as being unsympathetic to his own seventeenth-century personality. Being a modernist, Monteverdi was always abreast of *his own* times. Such a man, living today, would hardly write seventeenth-century music with a twentieth-century veneer. The only reasonable excuse the modernistic arrangers have is that the music as played two hundred years ago would, indeed, seem odd to us and elicit a response that was not intended.

Bitterly opposed to such arrangements are the editors and performers who believe that an authentic reconstruction played on ancient instruments is the ideal. So that such a performance will not create the wrong impression, they suggest that the audience develop a special sense of "historical listening." The difficulty here is obvious. Few could ever develop such a sense—particularly in regard to old instruments that cannot help but sound quaint to most of us, surrounded as we are by modern sound. Another problem with this position is that we are not absolutely sure about old performance practice. When more information becomes available, we may discover that current "authentic" versions are really quite false.

The only sensible approach seems to be a compromise: Adhere as closely as possible to the original without seeming either archaic or obtrusively modern. In practice, this usually means employing modern instruments but avoiding blatantly modernistic devices of orchestration. (The harpsichord and recorder, both of which have become familiar enough to sound normal, are the only old instruments frequently used.) To this end arrangers strive for vitality and richness of detail in the *continuo* yet do not cavalierly disregard scholarly evidence.

Records and Scores

This compromise style was used for the performances that first created a really wide interest in Monteverdi. They were recorded in 1937 by an ensemble under the direction of

Nadia Boulanger, and the Victor album—now out of print—contains some of the finest and most moving interpretations of the composer's work. The sound compares favorably with the recent Decca issue of other Monteverdi works under Miss Boulanger's direction, and the performances are much better. The Decca record used a harpsichord instead of the piano employed in the earlier performances, but this gain in authenticity is unimportant. Liveliness, skillful arrangement, and consistency of style constitute a fine performance whatever the instrument may be.

Fortunately, most of the records in the current LP catalogues fulfill these requirements. The only doubtful cases have already been mentioned—the Vox recordings of the *Vespers* and *Il Ballo delle Ingrate*. Though a few sections of the L'Oiseau-Lyre *Vespers* are made unclear by too rapid tempi, the impressiveness of the whole performance makes such criticism seem petty. High praise should also go to the beautiful Concert Hall recording of *Poppea* in spite of a few stylistic inconsistencies. The only records to be disqualified because of rough surfaces and bad reproduction are those on Colosseum.

For the amateurs who love to sing and play but have limited technique, there is material in the *Scherzi Musicali* published by Bärenreiter-Verlag and available in this country through the larger distributors. Patterned after folk and popular songs, these tuneful and rhythmically infectious little pieces for two sopranos, bass, three instruments, and *continuo* are fun to perform—with or without instruments. And unlike the somewhat difficult madrigals available in various American editions, the *Scherzi* are simple enough to provide an evening's delight for almost any gathering of three or four musical people—even those with the most modest musical attainments.

THE REASON for public support and acceptance of a Monteverdi revival is not hard to find. Although reasons for other revivals are often complex and may involve snobbism, relation to current ideas, and even financial considerations, one fact stands above all in the case of Monteverdi: The man was a musical giant. Once aware of even the smallest bit of his music, the listener wants to hear more. Other composers of his time employed bold "modern" harmonies and dramatic effects, and worked close to powerful human emotions. Some went even further than Monteverdi in these ways. But, in projecting emotion simply, sensuously, and passionately by means of a masterly technique, Monteverdi could go deeper than the others. He was unique in his greatness. Can there be any better reason for a revival?

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MOVIES: Vittorio, Anna, and Tennessee

ROBERT BINGHAM

If you tot up all the really fine Italian films that have been seen in this country since the war—"Shoe Shine," for instance, "The Bicycle Thief," or "Miracle in Milan"—you will find that most of them were directed by Vittorio De Sica. The great director is also an accomplished performer: he was the charming police chief who had designs on Gina Lollobrigida in "Bread, Love, and Dreams." Altogether, Mr. De Sica constitutes a sort of one-man renaissance in Italian moviemaking. And so there is every reason for sitting up and paying attention to the recent importation of "Umberto D.," which the director calls "my greatest effort" and "the film that I prefer among all those I have made."

The picture concerns a lonely old man who is about to be evicted from his boarding house by a brassy landlady for not paying his rent. To Signor Umberto Domenico Ferrari, for whom the furnished room represents all the threadbare dignity and familiar daily routine that can make life bearable for an impoverished old man, it seems like the end. His only solace during the hopeless struggle to hold onto the room—onto life—comes from his dog, also elderly and impoverished, and from a kindly servant wench in the boarding house whose situation is likewise a difficult one; she is pregnant, and neither of the two young soldiers who may have gotten her that way is willing to help. The young girl's simple peasant sturdiness points up Umberto D.'s despairing and futile hold on respectability.

Mr. De Sica says that he has "tried to be completely uncompromising in portraying characters and incidents which are genuine and true." To this end he has followed his usual practice of using nonprofessional actors. We are told that Carlo Battisti, who plays the old man, was a college professor, and his performance is surely a tribute both to Mr. De Sica's talents as a director and to his keen eye for casting. As the unwed mother, Maria Pia Casilio is drab, joyless, and thoroughly heartrending. Even the dog was superbly cast; he is a fat, spotted, oppressively obedient animal of uninspired lineage who looks as if he, like his master, might be a retired government clerk.

But unfortunately "characters and incidents which are genuine and true" do not in and of themselves guarantee successful drama. In order to be meaningful as well as merely realistic, the quiet desperation of everyday experience must be heightened in some way; that is not to say prettied up the way Hollywood does it all too often, but selected and distilled the way, for example, Paddy Chayefsky did it in the movie version he made of "Marty." The resolution does not, of course, have to be a happy one or a moral one, but it is certainly not enough just to turn off the cameras and call it a day. What the followers of the slice-of-life school frequently fail to realize is that just because a situation appears to be commonplace, it doesn't necessarily follow that it *isn't* commonplace.

"Umberto D." is well worth seeing as the most sensitive and serious attempt that has been made on film so far to deal with the increasingly compelling subject of old age. But it lacks the shape and direction of Mr. De Sica's own best work.

Magnificent Magnani

Aside from Mr. De Sica and, let us add, Miss Lollobrigida, Italy's most conspicuous contribution to the art of the cinema has surely been Anna Magnani. If she is not a great and versatile actress, then she is at the very least, like our own Marlon Brando, a great and distinctive personality. And in this age of mass-produced, interchangeable starlets and juveniles, that quality is very welcome indeed. The same burning intensity that Mr. Brando contributed to Tennessee Williams's "A Streetcar Named Desire" Miss Magnani has now brought to that author's "The Rose Tattoo." Without minimizing in any way the achievement of the foremost playwright of the hour, it must be said that in both cases one cannot imagine any other performers making the plays come so fully alive.

Just before "The Rose Tattoo" opened in New York back in 1951, Mr. Williams wrote in the New York *Times:* "The great and only possible dignity of man lies in his power to choose deliberately certain moral values by which to live as steadfastly as if he, too, like a character in a play, were immured against the corrupting rush of time."

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And it is the testing of deeply held ideals against the erosions of reality that concerns Mr. Williams in all of his work. He is a modern playwright, and so reality invariably wins out in the end, usually without allowing the characters even a degree of moral transcendence over their respective fates. But whereas in many of his plays the failure and wastage seem merely pathetic—Blanche DuBois going off to the insane asylum at the end of "Streetcar" affects us much the way a sick cat does rather than the way a classical tragic heroine moves us—"The Rose Tattoo" moves toward a kind of fulfillment and resolution. (The same sort of thing happens in a different way in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," and one hopes it is a trend in Mr. Williams's work.)

Miss Magnani plays the part of a woman who learns painfully but by and large successfully that too much steadfastness, too much fidelity to an ideal love in this instance, is ruinous, not only to those who seem to stand in her way but also to herself and to that love. She wins at least a partial victory over the corrupting rush of time by accepting the fact that even the most passionately cherished values must be applied realistically to present circumstances if they are not to destroy both life and dignity.

Elsewhere in the same essay to which reference was made above, Mr. Williams admitted that on occasion he employs "a certain foolery, a certain distortion toward the grotesque" to help solve his problems as a dramatist. In some of his plays the device is a fault, and even here the attachment to a rose tattoo would seem a rather silly gimmick if it were handled by one of our pretty-girl actresses. But as Miss Magnani interprets the part, it is an entirely valid shorthand expression for the robust emotions of a sensually mature woman.

IN MY OPINION "The Rose Tattoo" narrowly noses out "Marty" as the best picture of the year. And when it comes to Oscars, consideration should be given not only to the magnificent Magnani but also, for her supporting role, to Marisa Pavan, who appears as the widow's willful, hot-blooded daughter—and quite obviously a chip off the old block.

Faint Footprints On the Sands of Time

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

LONGFELLOW: A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, by Edward Wagenknecht. *Longmans, Green. $6.*

POEMS, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *The Modern Library. $1.45.*

The works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow might be subsumed under the heading "The Perils of Being a Gentleman." For this dreamy didacticist—the most popular nineteenth-century American poet—was certainly a gentleman, and a scholar too. But how much of him was poet? And how much nourishment may we cull from these singing sermons, rhymed editorials, craftsmanlike ballads, and pretty picture narratives all dressed up in pseudo-Greek hexameters?

Edward Wagenknecht's new biography fails to aid us very much in this search, for he is primarily concerned with Longfellow the man. His portraiture is diligent but uninspiring. An image emerges of a reserved, sweet nature, dignified and learned, somewhat lacking in vitality and challenging power. But the author fails to make a case for Longfellow's poetry, despite a number of wittily ill-natured broadsides at contemporary critics. One gathers that Mr. Wagenknecht likes Longfellow the man, and therefore likes his poetry. In thus assuming a causative relationship between the goodness of the citizen and the excellence of the artist, Wagenknecht proves himself a true Longfellowian. But, although ethics and aesthetics are not necessarily antithetical, neither are they identical. The trouble with so much of Longfellow's work is that it represents an ill-digestion of these two terms. His aesthetic, like that of so many Victorians, might be called the aesthetic of mirage:

So by the art of the poet
our common life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats
in a luminous haze.

The songs of the poet come to him "from the misty realm. . ." And the aim of poetry is "To charm, to strengthen, and to teach." Longfellow's brother was an ordained minister, and, in a sense, so was he.

Snows of Yesteryear

Best-selling authors of our day might reflect with melancholy on the fate of Longfellow. Few read him today other than children in elementary school. But in his own time he was a world-famous literary figure. Baudelaire grew one of his flowers of evil in Longfellow's sweet soil—"*Le Guignon*" was an imitation of "A Psalm of Life." It is fascinating to see the effects of that transplanting, but a platitude remains a platitude even when you dress it up in French and puff a cigarette out of the side of your mouth when you say it. Nor did Baudelaire disdain Frenchifying 102 lines of *The Song of Hiawatha* when commissioned to do so by an American composer.

On publication day, Mr. Wagenknecht tells us, five thousand copies of *The Courtship of Miles Standish* were sold in Boston alone. *Harper's* magazine paid $1,000 for "Kéramos"; the New York *Ledger* was happy to spend $4,000 for "The Hanging of the Crane," and the publication of an issue of *Harper's* was held up in 1875 in order to have the privilege of printing the "Morituri Salutamus" just after the poet had read it at Bowdoin College.

In England Longfellow's reputation was enormous; two years after his death his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey. All over the Continent—in Prussia, Spain, France—he was the most beloved of American poets. During the nineteenth century, seventy British publishers issued his works; two houses alone, Routledge and Warne, sold more than a million copies. At the same time, remember, Walt Whitman was driven to writing anonymous puffs

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for his works until he was taken up by a small *avant-garde* of British literati, and Emily Dickinson was flitting to the flowers of her garden and secretively storing up her astonishing fugitive distillations.

Indians, Real and Wooden

It would be unfair to Longfellow to denigrate his work just because so many of his lines hang on the walls of our national consciousness like embroidered samplers. What doesn't echo in our head from the Bible or from Shakespeare apparently comes from Longfellow. We all know that life is real, life is earnest; we all shoot arrows into the air that fall to earth we know not where; we all want to scale great heights and cry Excelsior; we all hope to leave footprints on the sands of time; we have all sat under the murmuring pines and the hemlocks; as children we have all dreamed of the shining Big Sea Water, and as adults prayed that our Ship of State would sail on.

The gentle poet's images are as familiar to us as the Indian standing in the blue haze of the plains, hand shading his eyes as he looks at the westering sun, that picture which used to hang on our 4-A classroom wall. We never questioned the art of such a phenomenon any more than we question the art of a tree: It was an organic part of our surroundings. I recall my incredulity when, as a grown man, I visited Taos, New Mexico, and was introduced to an Indian known as Couse's Ben. Ben was the caretaker at the home of an artist, then deceased; in the artist's home my wife and I saw all the originals of that picture and many others on our classroom wall. And then Ben, old and wrinkled now, told us that he had been the model for those paintings—the young, lithe, smooth-skinned brave in the sunset glow. I was startled. But there is a Couse's Ben behind every too-familiar façade, a real Indian behind the wooden one. And there was once, and in some cases still is, a living emotion behind what have become the platitudes of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THIS HARASSED reviewer, made curious by Mr. Wagenknecht's vigorous defense, has just emerged from rereading some eight hundred pages of the good bard's writings. I regret to say that, with the most patient sounding, I did not find the depths in these limpid waters that Mr. Wagenknecht descries. The fact is that when Longfellow simply tells a tale he does it well. *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the overfamiliar "Paul Revere's Ride," even *Evangeline* if we manage to hurdle the hexameters—these are good yarns, and, for their day, represented a fresh and courageous use of American materials. Longfellow, I feel, might have been a good prose storyteller, a novelist, a writer of nice children's books. He has written some expert ballads—notably "The Saga of King Olaf"—and some lovely lyrics. But he lacks reflective or critical power. One floats down these rippling rhythms without fear or challenge: There are no metaphorical shoals, no syntactical rocks, no rapids of ideas. All his apparatus of bardic skill, stanzaic invention, and poetic scholarship fails to conceal the sweet triteness of his fancy. Again and again he falls into the error which Yvor Winters attributes to Longfellow's archenemy, Edgar Allan Poe: that of considering beauty as "a quality of style instead of its subject matter."

Later in life, as the poet's eyes dimmed, his inner vision began to cut through the sentimental haze. "A Dutch Picture" is as clear as a Flemish painting: the Dante sonnets are quietly moving; several of the lyrics in *Ultima Thule* are evocatively controlled. But rarely do we meet the unexpected; almost always we find the commonplaces of religion, of social virtue, of fireside felicity, all dressed up in pink and blue bows and sitting primly in their benches. There is, alas, a direct line of descent from Longfellow to Edgar A. Guest and greeting-card verse.

The Cosmopolitan

But if the intrinsic value of most of his poetry is slight, his historical importance to the development of our literature cannot be ignored. Mr. Wagenknecht—like other scholars before him, notably O. W. Long—offers convincing evidence of the vital transfusions performed by Longfellow in bringing European literature to the New World. As Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and broadening the trail blazed by George Ticknor, Edward Everett, Joseph Green Cogswell, and George Bancroft before him, Longfellow, with his three sojourns abroad and his translations from a dozen European languages, served to introduce a cosmopolitan note into what was still largely a rude provincial culture. In this he served as a kind of Ezra Pound of his day, but without Pound's quirkiness, with far more responsible scholarship, no fakery, and against much greater odds. While a young professor at Bowdoin College, he wrote plaintively to a friend: "Is there in the Cambridge Library a Dictionary of the old Langue d'Oc in which the Troubadours wrote? I want to study their poetry more thoroughly . . . but I

have no dictionary. . ." Unlike Ezra Pound, who plays fast and loose with texts, Longfellow refused to "guess out meanings."

His range of language studies and translations is impressive: Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Finnish, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, Portuguese, and Provençal. To console himself after the accidental death of his wife, he

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undertook a translation of the *Divina Commedia*. The work is too pretty perhaps, elegant where Dante is rocky, but Longfellow had the good sense not to attempt to force consonantal English, where rhymes come hard, into aerated Italian, where rhymes come easy. Thus, he eschews the *terza rima* of the original for a series of blank-verse triplets, more suited to the genius of our language.

IN *Kavanagh*, a series of prose sketches published in 1849, when the poet was forty-two years old and already a national figure following the appearance of *Evangeline* two years before, Longfellow's cosmopolitanism is neatly presented:

"But, at all events," urged Mr. Hathaway, "let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing."

"On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air. . ."

"But you admit nationality to be a good thing?"

"Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. . . . Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. . ."

And later Mr. Churchill, the romantic spokesman for Longfellow, replies to his interlocutor's insistence on originality:

"Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air. . . . a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. . . ."

Non Clamor, Sed Amor

What tranquil intelligence! And yet, when the truly original *Leaves of Grass* appeared on the national scene, Longfellow did not like it, although he couldn't get as indignant as Whittier, who is said to have pitched the book into the fire. Longfellow met the Brooklyn rough several times and was nice to Whitman even if he didn't care much for his odd sprawling dithyrambs. He was nice even to Poe, who sniped mercilessly at him in the journals of the day. He was nice to everybody; perhaps that was the trouble. He didn't snarl enough, foam enough, bite enough. He smiled gently and regretted gently and mourned gently. From gentle to gentleman was the path of his failure.

Not lacking in courage, he preferred, nevertheless, to approach life via literature, enjoying a good sea fight by the flicker of his hearth, surrounded by his beloved wife and children. After eighteen years of what seems to have been a perfect marriage, he lost his wife when a lighted match or some hot wax ignited Mrs. Longfellow's light summer dress. Out of this tragedy the poet wrote one of his finest sonnets, "The Cross of Snow," but, loath to indulge in self-revelation, he never published it. He worked up enough energy for a series of poems against slavery, but the poems are poor and the indignation, if genuine, was too diffuse to draw much blood.

Certainly he must have been a lovable man; and though he talked far less in the transcendental vein than Thoreau or Emerson, he was in his serenity more truly a Brahmin than either of them. For Thoreau's serenity was willful, and hence excessive, while Longfellow's was the natural outflowing of a mild nature. Yet, with all his virtues, his place in American literature must be negatively defined; he had not Thoreau's cross-grained eccentric force, nor Emerson's intoxicated flights, nor Melville's maelstromic nature, nor Poe's necessary madness, nor Whitman's cosmic enfolding, nor Hawthorne's magic. Too perfectly balanced to vibrate, he fails to set up vibrations in us. *"Non clamor, sed amor"* was the appropriate motto on his bookplate.

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Dean Acheson Hires a Hall

MAX ASCOLI

A DEMOCRAT LOOKS AT HIS PARTY, by Dean Acheson. *Harper. $3.*

"Dean Acheson is the kind of man who has a great deal to say, but under no circumstances can bring himself to hire a hall." Thus spake I in the issue of February 28, 1950. After more than five years, Dean Acheson has proved me wrong: He *has* hired a hall—chamber-music size.

His performance is, at least to this reviewer, at once puzzling and moving. Somewhat to my surprise I do not find myself clapping my hands, like several other critics—mostly, I suppose, because this performance has thrown me into a reflective rather than an exhilarated mood.

Mr. Acheson, as the title of the book says, looks at his—the Democratic—party, and on the whole highly approves of it. He says it is "the party of the many," an immensely pluralistic party, in which conflicting interests are somehow reconciled—a party that "covers all geographical areas of the country, while the other, for historical reasons, does not." The G.O.P., according to Mr. Acheson, represents only the interests of business—and not even the whole of business. It does not cover every section of the country, and, if I understand Mr. Acheson correctly, while it ranks as a national party it cannot be called the party of the nation. Only the Democratic Party can.

Of course Mr. Acheson recognizes that "The failures in Democratic leadership must be mentioned along with the greater record of distinguished and successful service, so that omission may not distort the story and also because they bring out an essential truth. The Democratic party is made up of people—its members and leaders. It is not a machine operating relentlessly in accordance with mechanical principles."

But, one may ask, what else is the G.O.P. made up of if not people—members and leaders? Indeed, we well know how the conflicts of its factions make that party human, only too human.

Actually, in our great national game of politics, each of our two parties plays at being the nation, and talks in the name of the people until, on Election Day, the people (or those among them who bother to vote) have their say. Then the game starts again, with both parties once more playing at let's pretend—up to the next election. Both of them presume to represent special groups and the nation as a whole; both of them have a number of fairly valid reasons to advance in support of their respective claims. But the logic that sustains these reasons is one of rhetoric, not of dialectic. The Democratic case is argued by Mr. Acheson with a mixture of dialectic and legalistic reasoning—just as a high-class lawyer might argue a brief. That is why this book is such a peculiar exception to existing standards of political argumentation. For undoubtedly the established way, and perhaps the best way, to argue the case of either party is by bellowing.

THERE is no bellowing in Mr. Acheson's performance, although many of the opinions he brings forth will ring out in all their sonority when transcribed in terms of campaign rhetoric. The chapters of this book are like a series of quiet variations on a single theme: the absolute superiority of the Democratic Party, which is the nation's party. The most interesting variations are those on foreign policy and on the jurisprudence of security. Nobody is better qualified than Mr. Acheson to criticize the conduct of our foreign affairs during the Republican Administration; but unfortunately no sooner has he started re-echoing rather familiar criticisms of Mr. Dulles's policies than he goes back to his original theme—the manifest destiny of the Democratic Party.

On the jurisprudence of security Mr. Acheson faces a more difficult task, for, as he candidly admits, "These practices had their root in the President's Executive Order, 9835, of March 21, 1947. This order and the Act of August 26, 1950, upon which rests the present Executive Order, 10450, of April 27, 1953, were adopted under a Democratic Administration. I was an officer of that Administration and share with it the responsibility for what I am now convinced was a grave mistake and a failure to foresee consequences which were inevitable." Here too, having said a number of sensible things, he ends by expressing the conviction that the Democrats will evidence much greater wisdom when they are back in power.

SO MR. ACHESON performs his solo in his little hall, carefully avoiding any brassy emotionalism. Yet he would be entitled to more than a bit of emotionalism, considering the outrageous way he was treated by most of the Republican leaders while in office. There is something quite noble not only in his restraint but also in the generous contribution of his dialectical ability to his party. Mr. Acheson looks at his party and finds it, most of the time, praiseworthy. Yet his party on several occasions proved to be less than praiseworthy when it avoided looking at him or even mentioning his name. During the last Democratic convention, held in the same Chicago hall where, a few weeks earlier, the Republicans had pilloried him, the only Democrat who lauded Acheson from the rostrum was Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, then Ambassador to Denmark. During the campaign too, most—to put it mildly—of the Democratic speakers found that it was better not to defend or even mention him.

PERHAPS Mr. Acheson, this victim of partisan malice and of partisan fear, needed to write his book to get even with those who hated him as well as with those who, in his own party, failed to stand by him. He needed to take a good look at his party and to feel at home in it. Let's hope that now he has got his hand in he will go on writing—about foreign affairs next time.

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here lives at this time in Judea

. . . a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but whose followers love and adore as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the grave and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch.

e is a tall man, well shaped, of an amiable and reverend aspect, and his hair is of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front fashioned after the Nazarites.

is forehead high, large and imposing; his checks without spot or wrinkle, and beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork.

is eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent and dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body, most perfect and captivating, his hands and arms most delectable to behold.

e rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave.

o man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has frequently wept in the presence of men.

e is temperate, modest and wise; a man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection surpassing the children of men in every sense.

—Apocryphal word portrait ascribed to one Publius Lentulus during the reign of Tiberius Caesar and first found in the writings of Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury during the eleventh century.

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